

LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 177 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; OR

BY WILLIAM VERRINDER.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOL. II.

BUFFALO, (N.Y.) WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1854.

No. 211

Literature and Miscellanies.

GERTRUDE BEVERLY.

BY MRS JULIA L. DUMONT.

—Is this my own reflection?
Prithce, tell me, is this the first true mirror
I have looked in?

Gertrude Beverly, an orphan and an heiress, had grown up with all the manifold privileges and immunities, to which an heiress had prescriptive right—"a charter as large as the winds," withal, to enact whatever part she chose, of folly or of wisdom. An invitation from the Ellisons, an amiable and quiet family, in a quiet village, some two days' journey from her native city, and the sudden caprice of the moment, determined her to spend with them the few remaining months of her minority. Though very distant, they were her nearest surviving relatives, and had therefore some claim upon her attention. A creature of fashionable fantasies, gay, volatile, vain and conscious of power, dressed in the extreme of fashionable elegance, and seeming to regard life rather as a pageant than a mere every day concern, she arrived at the neat and secluded mansion. "I shall not like her," thought Mrs Ellison, as she ushered her into her snug little parlor, but Mrs Ellison was mistaken. "How terribly proud she must be," thought the sober, though kind hearted matron, as she stood waiting the unclanking and unbonneting of her guest; but this idea also, was of but transient dominance. Miss Beverly's eyes, Mrs Ellison could not exactly tell whether they were blue or black, were lifted to her face; and "how very beautiful," was the next thought that succeeded. It forced itself, indeed, into almost audible utterance, as the clustering locks of golden brown were thrown back from her bright forehead like a flood of sunlight, and her countenance, beaming with open trust and sunny emotions, was turned fully towards her censor. "But, she is shocking giddy," said the imposing shake of the head which next followed, as Gertrude, upon whom her new position seemed to have imposed as little check, as the transfer from one tree to another does upon the glad notes of the forest bird, ran on from one theme of trifling to another in rapid succession; still her new friends listened, and Gertrude still ran on, and by degrees, they forgot to remember that wisdom was so altogether more proper than folly. Her smile was so bright, it pervaded every little corner of the heart; her merry laugh came over one like a sound of spring, and her voice, soft, rich and full of musical intonation, was a continuous tide of melody.

"I am afraid, my dear, you will be sadly lost in so very retired a place as this," said Mrs Ellison, as the day wore away; "but the teacher of the female seminary here, an amiable and highly accomplished girl, is fortunately, at this time, our boarder, and you will find in her a gifted and agreeable companion." "Some demure old maid, I suppose," thought Miss Beverly; "and still worse a blue stocking. Good angels defend me, if"—"Miss Hartland, Miss Beverly," interrupted Mrs Ellison, as a young woman, apparently scarcely eighteen, with a pale, mild countenance of singular beauty, at that moment entered. "I hope, my dear young ladies, you will soon be friends. If not equally unfortunate, you are both orphans, and this should be a link of sympathy between you."

"Is that the young woman you spoke of, my dear Mrs Ellison?" exclaimed Gertrude, the moment that Miss Hartland left the room; "why you told me—no, not exactly told me, but I had an idea that she was so very different; she is so young, and so extremely lovely. Gladly would I cultivate her friendship; but methinks, I should know as little how to speak to her, as to a beautiful engraving."

"You will find a far deeper interest in the character of Eliza Hartland, than mere beauty can afford. She has been reared in all the elegancies of wealth and high fashion; but the death of her parents, while it revealed

the ruin that had been gradually settling upon their fortune, threw her at the age of fifteen, upon the single support of a younger brother, whose education was yet unfinished, and who had scarcely given a thought to any pursuit of life, but the collegiate studies, from which he was then so unexpectedly called. But he was a noble fellow, with a self-sustained spirit, that could bend itself to the exigencies of life, though it could not be bowed to dependence or despondency. The creditors of his father were disposed to be lenient in behalf of the unprovided orphans; but far from seeking, he would admit of no commutation; and the minutest article of the estate, even those which had been already appropriated to himself and sister, were finally disposed of, that not a farthing should be left unpaid. This rigid justice was not without effect. His character was at once firmly based; and an employment in an extensive mercantile establishment, enabled him at once to continue his sister at the fashionable school where she had been placed by her parents. But Eliza shared his own proud virtues. She knew her brother still cherished a strong preference for the profession to which he had been originally destined, and that with only herself to provide for, he might yet attain it. She early looked forward to the time when her own exertions would secure her support, and with an untiring industry; that could not fail of attaining its object, she strove to perfect herself in those branches of female accomplishment which she now regarded not as mere embellishments, but as attainments, positively enforced by gratitude and duty. Her native gentleness of manners, and elevation of character were favorable to her purpose; and it is more than a year since she has been the principal teacher in the young ladies' seminary of this place. Her brother has devoted himself to his favorite profession, and is at this time attending a course of law lectures in your own city."

"Quite a tale of romance," said Miss Beverly; "and truly, Miss Hartland's countenance is in fine keeping with the character of a heroine; with that calm, pure brow of hers, and eyes, that when you look into them, you feel as if looking down into deep waters when the moon is shining on them. Oh, I know we shall be friends. You know, my dear madam, there was never a heroine without some dear, dear friend, to act as a foil; and I have just come to take that place. How very fortunate! We shall love one another so entirely."

But Miss Beverly was mistaken. Eliza Hartland's manner towards her was from the first, as gentle as a sister's; and it would have been difficult to define the kind of distance it still preserved. There was nothing in it of avoidance, or coldness, or repulsiveness; and yet, there was an impalpable something, that drew around her a line like a magic circle, over which no advance of familiarity might be urged. Her faculties were at all times called into the readiest requisition, to oblige Miss Beverly. She sang for her; played for her; sketched for her; drew patterns for her; assisted at her toilette; and all this with the most perfect pleasure; but here their intelligence was stopped; and Gertrude, who had planned unbounded munificence towards the indigent orphan, found it impossible to make any return for her own daily acts of kindness. Eliza had no wants, no desires, no fancies, no sorrows to communicate, no lost privileges to regret. If Gertrude sometimes tossed over the elegant bangles, and costly ornaments, which form so large a part of female expenditure, to find some offering for her friend—when she had made her selection, Eliza had quietly withdrawn. If, when an occasional shade upon Eliza's brow told of remembered griefs, or the weariness of unremitted exertion, she would have professed sympathy, the shade was thrown off as soon as noted, and succeeded by a smile of placid sweetness.

"She is a strange girl," thought Gertrude

Beverly; "can all this be pride?" Pride! under that meek and gentle bearing! the idea was preposterous. "Has she no heart?" A thousand instances, even the expression of her countenance at that moment, gave answer; for she was speaking of her brother's expected return, and there was a new and animated light in her calm eye.

"And is this brother of yours, whose promised coming has given so rich a tint to your cheek, is he much like you, Eliza?"

"Oh, he is all;" but Miss Hartland checked herself, and laughed at the half spoken eulogy, while she added, "you will consider him a very selfish animal, for he is too much engrossed by his own pursuits to take any part in general society."

"General society!" repeated Gertrude, mentally; "and with this, I suppose then, I am still to be classed."

The brother at last came; and it was then that the full flood tide of Eliza's deep, though still spirit, poured itself out in the strong flow of affectionate gladness. It was met too, by all the unsuppressed ardor of a brother's holiest, fondest love, while it is yet the tenderest tie that the young heart owns; and Gertrude Beverly felt, perhaps for the first time, that the hidden wealth of the soul scatters a glory upon the path of life, not caught from its imposing splendors. Ethwald Hartland—I was going to describe him; but how very idle. Some thousands of written portraits, thanks to "our predecessors," who have spared us the want of "original" likenesses, embrace all that can be told of dark eyes, intellectual brows, and fine figures. That distinctive something, which, after all, constitutes the character of the whole, which rendered Ethwald Hartland at once a being, separate from all whom Gertrude Beverly had met in her long round of gaiety, language has no signs for it. Among the many worshippers at the shrine of the lovely heiress, there had been more than one distinguished in the circles of elegance and high life; but it was with the young and nameless Hartland, that Gertrude felt, for the first time, the consciousness of a superior presence.

He spent a half hour with his sister every evening, and as the reserve, imposed by the fair stranger, gradually wore away, he gave new life and impulse to the fireside circle. The gathered treasures of a cultivated mind, flashing in its own light, like gems to the sun—the refinements of just taste, and the fervor of deep feelings—these gave a tone to the society of Ethwald Hartland, to which Gertrude was a stranger. Eliza, too, was so animated during her brother's visits; no wonder his well known step was heard with quickened pulses; and thus diffusing pleasure around him, what wonder his own eye flashed with a deepened light, as he took his seat between his sister and his fair friend. In truth, his half hour soon became gradually lengthened, and it was evident his wonted pursuits, had no longer so very absorbing an influence. Having one day stepped into Miss Hartland's room in her absence, Gertrude's eye was arrested by a pair of plain ear-rings, which lay on her table, and the thought struck her of attaching them to the costly drops she wore in her own. While thus engaged, she heard Eliza's step on the stairs, and unwilling to be detected until she had completed her little arrangement, she slid into an adjoining chamber. The door was ajar, and the voice of Hartland, who entered a few moments after his sister, distinctly reached her.

"Where is Miss Beverly?" he inquired, "I do not often find you alone."

"And this is the reason, dear Ethwald, I suppose, that your visits have been somewhat prolonged of late. If so, I will call her immediately."

"Nonsense! Eliza; though now I have mentioned her, pray, what is your estimate of her? Are her mind and character worthy of her face and form?"

"She is a warm hearted affectionate girl."

"And her mind?"

"That is no requisite of female loveliness."

"Pshaw! Has she intellect or not? or that kind of cultivation—"

"She has all the accomplishments belonging to fashionable life."

"Ah! I understand you. She can sing a little, dance exquisitely, draw a little, embroider a little, and is perfect mistress of the art of personal embellishment. So then, this is all. Why, Gertrude Beverly was formed for something beyond this. Every feature is instinct with higher capabilities. But, Eliza, I am glad, from my soul I am, that her personal loveliness is her only claim."

"And, why?"

"Because, did you not tell me she was an heiress?"

"And you would, therefore, be an unsuccessful wooer."

"I would, therefore, not be a wooer at all; no, not even were I certain of success. I have no ambition to owe my bread to my wife's inheritance. Yes," Hartland continued, "it is well; it is all well, indeed, for were I not a beggar, I know not what folly her beauty might lead me on to commit.—There is a strange charm about her; a sportiveness like that of childhood, giving interest to her most unmeaning remarks; and her voice, why it thrills through and through me like a rich instrument, to whose tones the accompanying words add nothing."

"Ethwald!" said Eliza, in a voice of quiet tenderness; "you must not give me so much of your time as you have of late. It is a sacrifice you can not afford."

"You are right, my sweet sister, quite right," said the brother, laughing; but there was bitterness in the tone. "I will obey you, too, as I would an oracle; so, good bye, and I will not see you again for a week."

He was faithful to his promise, and when he again called, his manner was changed.—There was a deepened glow, too, on Miss Beverly's cheek, not caught from the sunset crimson, reflected round her, and mutual restraint seemed to have chained the feelings of both. The spell of delight was dissolved; they met again in reciprocal reserve, and when soon after Miss Beverly returned to her native city, though the restless eye of Hartland told of troubled emotion, his manner was marked by politeness only. Eliza's adieus were those of kindness; but still the gathered quietude of her brow, told a consciousness that they were treading different paths, and for them, therefore, there could be no green places, no fountains of communion in common. Meanwhile, young Hartland completed his studies, and was now, according to his original purpose, to establish himself in the nearest city.

"You will call on Miss Beverly," said Mrs Ellison, as Hartland was about taking leave; "I have a packet for her, which I wish you to hand her yourself. No unwelcome commission, if one may judge by that change of color, and Gertrude will be so glad to see you, though her letters of late are far less cheerful than they were formerly; but I hope it is only that her spirits are getting a little tamed."

The charge, indeed, was far from being a pleasant one. It was some time after his arrival before he could summon sufficient courage to fulfil it, and when he at last knocked at the door of the elegant mansion, to which he had been directed, there was an embarrassment in his manner, that he had striven vainly to throw off. The deep, rich glow of pleasure, which lit up the lovely features of Gertrude Beverly, however, at his entrance, operated upon him like a spell, and one glance swept away all recollections of the past and thoughts of the future. Was she indeed changed? or was he self deluded? She certainly seemed to him far lovelier than he had yet seen her, and there was a tone of thought and of cultivated feeling in her conversation which he had been far from associating with her memory. There was a shade, too, of

pensiveness, through which the gleam of her nature still shone, like a bright gleam, like sunshine through shadowing foliage, that gave a deepened interest to her exceeding beauty. "And this is the being," thought Hartland, "whom I deemed but a thing for passing admiration; but if even then I was not master of myself in her presence, what am I doing here?" He rose to depart—he struggled to speak, even with coldness; but his voice faltered, and his eye was full of passionate tenderness.

"I should be happy to see you sometimes, Mr Hartland," said Miss Beverly, in a voice of bewitching sweetness. "You are not perhaps aware—"

Hartland trembled from head to foot.—"Of what?"

"That I have no longer the power to draw around me, those who are only to be attracted by wealth. You look surprised, but the failure of a guardian involving the ruin of those consigned to his care, is no singular tale in this world of change; and perhaps, after all I have no reason to repine." Had Gertrude lifted her eyes to those of her auditor, the sudden and intense light that flashed from his might have awakened a doubt of the sympathy she must have reasonably anticipated; but her own were accidentally averted, and the vehement earnestness of his inquiries, at once expressed all the interest proper for the occasion.

"I have nothing to regret," she continued as she assured him of the remedilessness of her wrongs; "I have learned many a needful lesson from my disappointments; and, however I may be forgotten by the crowd, there are still those whose friendship my changed fortune have not alienated. Among these are the family, under whose roof I have still a home; and such I shall find the kind hearted Mrs. Ellison, though I have yet forborne to pain her with the detail of my affairs, and in your gentle and lovely sister, and—and yourself, Mr Hartland, for somewhat coldly as you have seemed hitherto to regard me,—as indigent and dependent, Gertrude has now a claim upon your better feelings."

"Coldly!" repeated Hartland, and his own poverty and his uncertain prospects—his former doubts were all utterly forgotten. Passion was in his soul—strong, mighty, uncontrollable. Who in such a moment takes counsel of the future? It was only amid the delicious rapture of reciprocal avowal, that he at last remembered that he might not make her the sharer of those struggles which yet necessarily awaited him. But hope was fresh in his heart, and his spirit was strong in the consciousness of its own gifts. A brief space, and he trusted that he might offer her a home, at least secure from want. Gertrude had risen proudly above the loss of fortune, and the strength of character that had buoyed her thus up, would still enable her to dispense with its privileges. Pictures of domestic happiness rose upon his soul like rain-bows upon the sky, shedding light, and beauty, and promise upon his path; and Gertrude listened to his impassioned anticipations with frank, though blushing approval. But the guerdon of professional merit, however surely, is slowly awarded; and the animated hope with which he had looked forward to the need of intense industry, rapidly yielded to the chill of common reality. Passion is no patient abider of delays;—Ethwald soon became restless and miserable, and his daily visits to Gertrude, but fed the feverish anxieties of his soul. Gertrude herself decided his struggles.

"If," she said with a smile of cheering confidence; "if I am hereafter to be a sharer in your prosperity, let me be also of its preliminary gloom. It is while we are to be barred from life's brighter scenes, that we need the solace of affection. I have indeed a strong trust that the clouds, now gathering around you, are but for a season; but if it be otherwise, we still meet the tempest together. And, surely, Ethwald, you cannot for my sake, hesitate, when you recollect that while you are striving for wealth, your betrothed is a dependant upon those, upon whom she has no claim."

True; this was a point he had not yet urged to himself; but it was decisive. Besides it was extasy to be thus urged on, even to madness, by tenderness like Gertrude's; and it now only remained to complete the arrangements for their union. Miss Beverly expressed a strong desire for the supporting presence of Eliza, and a few lines, in which Hartland sketched the recent events, con-

veyed to the astonished girl the summons to his bridal. She obeyed with slacrity. The shade of distance, which mixed feelings had thrown over her manner towards the gay and brilliant heiress, was melted away as they now met, and one glance told the simply robed and deeply blushing Gertrude, that the interchange of heart, of which she had been so emulous in their former intercourse, might now be attained. Eliza was attended thither by the Ellisons, and they, with the family with whom Gertrude resided, were the only witnesses of the ceremony.

"And, why must Eliza leave us?" inquired Gertrude, the following day, as the former was preparing already for her return.—"Why should not our home in future, be her's also?"

Hartland's countenance changed. The question awakened him like a blow, from the trance of happiness, into which love had lulled him. His home! what a world of harassing realities the term had conjured up. He felt himself suddenly arraigned for his precipitancy, and a train of musings upon that future, upon which not only his own fate, but that of her whom he so passionately loved, was now cast, absorbed his every faculty. Gertrude leaned towards him, and placed her fair hand in his; but a smothered sigh was the only response. She had never looked lovelier than at that moment. There was a playful light upon her features, mingled with an expression of deep feeling, that gave a kind of shifting radiance to her whole countenance.

"Ethwald," she softly murmured, as she drew away the hand, he had pressed upon his brow; "what would you think of her, who could stoop to obtain a husband by stratagem?"

"Stratagem!" "Ay. Is there any statute by which a husband so obtained, might receive redress for the fraud? Or would it be a new case in court?"

Hartland smiled upon the lovely quereist; but there was something in her speaking features, that perplexed him.

"Nay; but it is no idle question. Such a case is positively to issue, and the defendant would fain put her case in your hands." Gertrude's white arms were twined around her husband's neck. "Pardon a thousand times, dearest Ethwald; it was only in the assumed character, I could hope to win your love. Oh, let me still retain it, and we shall be happy in affluence as in poverty, I was reduced to feign."

Among those whose names stand high in professional eminence, as well as those surrounded by the splendors of wealth, Ethwald Hartland took an early and distinguished place; and if Gertrude is yet vain, it is only of the wreaths that bind the brow of her husband.—*Cincinnati Mirror*.

FEMALE INGENUITY.—An English woman, and seven children, having applied for some time in vain for hired lodgings, at last practised the following finesse to obtain a shelter for herself and offspring. Observing a notice of lodgings to let situated next to a churchyard, she ordered her children to play in the churchyard while she inquired respecting the apartments. The first question on entering the threshold was, "Madam have you any children?" to which she replied in a saint like and pathetic tone, "They are all in the churchyard." The effect was instantaneous; writings were drawn up—the rooms secured, and the lady came to take possession of them. The hostess was horror struck on beholding her children, and refused them admittance; but nothing being said on this point "in the bond," she was fain obliged to make a virtue of necessity; and make the best of a bad bargain.

GOOD MAXIMS.—Keep up your spirits by good thoughts. Enjoy the pleasant company of your best friends, but in all enjoyments be temperate. Learn the art to be preferred of others, of being happy when alone, which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits—in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment. In your converse with the world, be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak ill of no one, to treat your known enemy with civility, and to shut your ears against evil reports of all kinds.

USEFUL RULES.—We should accustom ourselves to view those above us, without admiration or envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall

down and worship grandeur without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness. Let not the pomp which surrounds the great mislead your understanding. The Prince so magnificent in the splendor of a court, appears behind the curtain but a common man. Irresolution and care haunt him as well as others, and fears lay hold of him, though surrounded by his guards.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist, who proposes to erect a building: on it he can build with safety, and as all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted. But let a single part of this be defective, and you go on at hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will fall down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruins. Without a good character poverty is a curse; with it, scarcely an evil. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this, as the first and most valuable good.

FRENCH LIBRARIES.—A calculation has recently been made of the number of libraries in the whole of the French departments, with the exception of the department of the Seine. In these 85 departments it appears that there are altogether 192 towns which possess public libraries, the most important of which are those of Troyes, containing 50,000 volumes; Marseilles, 55,000; Aix 75,000; Caen 40,000; Besancon 56,000; Bordeaux 115,000; Versailles, 45,000; Rouen, 23,000; Amiens, 48,000 volumes. 322 towns, of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants each, are it seems, entirely destitute of public libraries; while the 192 towns which have establishments of this kind can boast of the possession of between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of volumes; a number which compared to the total population of the 85 departments, gives just one volume to 15 persons. In the city of Paris there are five public libraries, which contain altogether 1,572,000 volumes or three volumes to every two inhabitants.

TO YOUTH.—One of the most valuable habits of life, is that of completing every undertaking; the mental dissipation in which persons of talents often indulge, and to which perhaps they are more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it becomes encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will inevitably be one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any special undertaking, will hang over him like a spell, and paralyze all his energies; and he will at last believe, that however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed. The habit of finishing ought to be formed in early youth.

NATURE.—If we take the microscope, it unfolds to us living beings probably endowed with as much complex and perfect structure as the whale or elephant, so minute, that a million of millions of these do not occupy a bulk larger than a grain of sand. If we exchange the microscope for the telescope, we behold man himself reduced to a comparative scale of infinitely smaller diminution fixed to a minute planet that is scarcely perceptible through the whole of the solar system, while this system itself formed but an inseparable point in the multitudinous marshaling of groups of worlds upon groups of worlds, and on every side of us that spread through all the immensity of space.—*Pearl*.

SCIENCE.—Science stands at the threshold of the temple of fame, and all must pay their court to her, who would win the smiles of that goddess. She is Fame's almoner, and gives, or withholds, as she lists, the glorious meed of reputation. One while she appears as the historic muse, wielding the iron pen of truth; then, with a furrowed brow, she scans the mysteries of nature, and wears the garb of philosophy; and anon, under the graceful form of poetry, she refines the thought and elevates the mind, by the harmony of verse.

PYTHAGORAS gave this excellent precept. "Choose always the way that seems best; how rough soever it be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable."

PROSPECTUS of the THIRD VOLUME of the LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPOSITORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, which will be commenced on or about the first Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1832, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and General Intelligence. It is published weekly on a sheet of the same size as the New York Mirror, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages. At the end of each volume a handsome title page and copious index will be given.

The proprietor of the Literary Inquirer gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few weeks, as to leave of an edition of more than a thousand copies scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers. Indeed, since the termination of the First Volume, the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements of our succeeding volumes, are the TOTAL EXCLUSION OF ADVERTISEMENTS—the substitution of THREE WIDE COLUMNS for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into two volumes, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while to new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the second volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditure. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the Literary Inquirer is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

Of the third volume, to be commenced in July next, the first five pages of each number will constitute the Literary Department, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will be devoted to General Intelligence, under which head will be furnished brief and interesting reports of the operations of benevolent societies, literary institutions, &c.; concise accounts of the more important proceedings of our national and state legislatures, with occasional extracts from public documents and speeches of extraordinary interest; a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign; marriages, deaths, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

Some time since the editor offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale that should be written for this paper; Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Biography of some eminent character. The contributions sent in competition for these premiums have been all submitted to the committee, and we propose publishing the PRIZE ARTICLES in the first number of our third volume.

The terms are only two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents in advance; or one dollar and a half at any time within that period. Three months, seventy-five cents in advance; or one dollar at any time within that period.

Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor,

W. VERINDER,
177, Main street, Buffalo.

April 16, 1834.

* * * Editors with whom we exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by W. VERINDER, proprietor, at 177 Main street, Buffalo.

A NIGHT SCENE ON VESUVIUS.

BY AN AMERICAN IN ITALY.

"Are you not lucky, Madame?" cried Persico, the artist. "How?" exclaimed the whole company. "Vesuvius is in eruption!" replied he. Our whole company flew to the window which looks out on the beautiful bay of Naples; even the Doctor, on this most superlative occasion, forgot the gravity of his profession and imitated Atalanta with success. Here was no jest; Vesuvius was in reality pouring forth a stream of lava. You may conceive our joy and astonishment that it should thus have happened on the very eve of our departure; that the guardian saint of the mount, (I forget his name,) should have granted those petitions we had continually offered up since our arrival in sight of Vesuvius, that it might even send forth a spark, to say we had seen it. No time was to be lost, and I immediately proposed ascending the mountain, that evening, to see the eruption more nearly. This was rejected by all except the two youngest of the party. We lost no time in putting it in execution, and having arrayed ourselves in fitting accoutrements, set out for the foot of Vesuvius. It was one of the finest evenings in December. The moon shone brightly, while the beautiful bay of Naples reflected her silvery face in its placid waters. Vesuvius sent forth huge volumes of black smoke, while the river of fire, pouring down his sombre sides, seemed to threaten with destruction the beautiful white little villages, which slept in peaceful security at his feet. So mild and bland was the air, that cloaks were unnecessary when you, poor, shivering Americans, were enjoying an enormous coal fire with frost below zero out of doors. Arrived at Resina, a small town at the foot, where you are obliged to betake yourselves to mules or horses, we were surrounded on every side by a crowd of rough looking fellows, all too officiously offering us their mules and almost squeezing us into mummies, so numerous were they, and so desirous of being employed. We, at last, found Salvatore, the best guide, and the one generally employed by travelers, and having mounted, commenced this ever memorable ascent. From this point to the Hermitage, inhabited by a man who has become a hermit, to relieve passengers, the mountain is cultivated and produces a delightful sweet wine called *Jacimochristi*, (the tears of Christ,) which our hermit offers to thirsty travelers at a considerable per centage, as it is drunk on the mountain. The road is as bad as it can be, and were it not for the surefooted animals, on which you are seated, you might run some chance of breaking your neck. Our guide pointed out to us, as we ascended, ravines which had been filled up and small mountains which had been created by the different eruptions. Large seas of lava, their surfaces rising into little waves, seemed as if the ocean, agitated by a storm, had suddenly been crystallized or petrified by enchantment. Fantastic shapes of every possible form, seen at little distances, with the cold moon throwing her feeble light on their surfaces, might be conjured into giants, dwarfs and demons of every dimension or figure imagination could invent. At the Hermitage, Salvatore demanded if we desired refreshment; but, as we had just finished our dinner, we thanked him and continued on our way. The road from the Hermitage to where you commence the ascent on foot, called the grand crater, is still wilder and more desolate than that which precedes, and vegetation is confined to stunted chesnut trees and a wild lank sharp grass which even the mules refuse. A vast black wall, formed by one side of the mountain, adds to the desolation of the scene. At the foot of the grand crater, vegetation ceases entirely, and your horses are tied to stones purposely kept there by the guides; and the remainder of the ascent is accomplished on foot. Here comes the tug of war; the sides of this part of the mountain are almost perpendicular, and are composed of masses of lava in layers like slate or of very fine ashes, in which it is difficult to obtain a footing; so that in making two steps you generally lose one. I found very little difficulty, being light and active, but my heavier companions were left far in the rear.

But you are richly repaid for your long struggle when you arrive at the summit and enter the precincts of the grand crater. When all had assembled on the tableland, we reclined among the rough lava in the immediate neighborhood of a hot mass just hurled from

the crater, to restore animation to our frozen feet and fingers and to hold a consultation on our progress. We agreed to go around on the other side of the crater, where the eruption was raging in its utmost fury, and there, seated on the small craters from which the fire proceeded, determine in what manner we were next to act. Traversing a rough and difficult mass of lava, which had been thrown off before our arrival in Naples, and which, though nearly a month had elapsed, was yet so hot that it sent up a light steam or vapor which wet the hand when approached, we at length arrived at the desired spot, where this most remarkable sight burst upon our delighted vision. Several small craters poured forth from their dark bosoms five streams of burning lava, which, all uniting in one, slowly and majestically descended the mountain in a river of fire, while the principal crater, situated in the midst of the tableland, that forms the summit of the mountain, now and then threw up a beautiful jet of fiery stones, which, forming themselves into a graceful bouquet of *feu d'artifice*, rolled down the black mountain, leaving behind a train of fire like comets. Those beautiful stones, when polished, equal many of those more rare and precious ones so unjustly prized above them. I approached so near one of the craters as to thrust my stick into the boiling lava, but so great was the force with which it boiled out, that to prevent the stick being wrenched from my hand, I was obliged to draw it away with all my strength. In spite of the difficulty attending it, we attempted to ascend the principal crater; its sides, composed of fine ashes, into which you sink kneedeep, much retard your progress. Hardly had we ascended high enough to peer down into its bottomless abyss, when the wind changing brought the thick, black, sulphuric fumes around into our faces, and we were, without farther observation, obliged to retrograde for fear of suffocation. Descending as fast as possible, we seated ourselves in a huge crevice of a rock of lava, which seemed to have been rent asunder by some fearful eruption, and, surrounded by several gentlemen we had encountered, beheld, in silent admiration, this majestic and awful scene. Never have I contemplated so grand, so inspiring a sight. Seated in this wide rent, the faces of my companions fitfully illuminated by the now brightening, now darkling crater, a peculiar wildness pervaded the scene only to be conceived by those who saw it. In front of us were the craters fiercely hissing as they vomited forth their turbulent contents, while rivers of fire, descending on every side of us, majestically pursued their course till they arrived at a kind of basin, about two miles distant from their source, where widening into a burning lake, they sent up dark volumes of sulphurous smoke, through which the feeble light of the cold moon scarce pierced in dimmest rays. In the distance, was the bay of Naples, now scarcely discernible by the feeble moonlight which began to be obscured by dark masses of clouds rolling up from the westward. The amphitheatre of lights indicated to us the gay city of Naples, while the fierce hissing of the burning mountain, the chatting of our companions and the occasional cries of guides in the distance, "Corage! Corage!" all added to the singularity of our situation. We had concluded to remain that night on the mountain till the rising of the sun, but about three o'clock, the mountain began to be enveloped in clouds which prevented our enjoyment of that beautiful sight. We, therefore, thought it advisable to immediately decamp and commence the descent; which is incomparably easier than its reverse. It is by an entirely different road on a different side of the mountain and occupies about fifteen minutes from the top to the hostelry. Like the principal crater, it is formed of very fine ashes, into which you sink kneedeep at every step and thus cannot possibly fall. We were about a dozen persons—a naturalist and several other stragglers having united themselves to our party; our guide with a torch was in the middle, and we, all hopping down, one foot after another, while our pine torch shed a feeble light on the dark masses around, presented a spectacle at once romantic and grotesque. Arrived at Resina, we dismissed Salvatore with a pleasing *salvo* and having inscribed our names in his book, which I observed contained very few but English and American names, with a slight recommendation for future travelers, we jumped into our carriage and were soon fast asleep, dreaming of Vesuvius.—*No. Am. Mag.*

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—If we would learn the value of this to the world, let us travel in countries where the Bible is not known, and contrast their situation with our own. Go, then, into a heathen country, no matter in what direction, or at what age of the world, and you will find,

No equality between the sexes. Man is stronger than the woman, and therefore he has made her his slave, the minister of his pleasure. Companionship between husband and wife is unknown, and the connexion dissolved at the merest caprice of the former.

You will find but little parental or filial affection. The mother neglects, or exposes, or actually destroys her own child; the child grows up to beat its mother or father, to neglect them in their old age, and finally leaves them to perish, untended and unmourned.

You will find no such thing as honesty, or truth, or rarely indeed, in their dealings with one another. Supreme selfishness, without the least regard to others, regulates the conduct of every individual. Legal justice is a thing unknown—mercy, an attribute seldom exercised.

You will find none of those institutions, which, in Christendom, adorn human nature, and which serve to alleviate so many of its woes. When you have traveled beyond the influence of the Bible, you will find no "Foundling Hospital," no "Lunatic Asylum," no "House of Refuge," you will look in vain for the "Orphan's House," the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," or a "Retreat" for the blind, the deaf, or the poor. Institutions like these are never found except by the side of temples erected to the God of the Bible.

What shall we say, then, to those men, who, incendiary like, are seeking to destroy the influence of the Christian religion, and who would fain persuade us to burn up our Bibles, and pull down our churches? What else shall we call them than enemies of themselves and their kind? What would these men have? Even were there no hereafter—even though existence terminated at death—though the Bible were a lie, or a fable, this life a dream, and the next a fancied vision—we say, even though the enemies of the Bible were capable of proving all this to a demonstration, what would be gained to the human race by doing so?

These are questions which the infidels and free thinkers of the age dare not ask themselves; or, if they ask, they dare not answer them; for then would they stand self-condemned, of conspiring against the good order, the peace, and the happiness of society. Deluded men! why seek to accomplish what, at best, could only tend to embitter the short lived joys of earth; but which, if you would listen to the voice of reason and conscience, they would tell you, would send man hopeless to the grave, and beyond that, shut him up in the prison of despair.

"MY HOURS OF IDLENESS."—This was the title of a very pretty edition of poems, by Lord Byron: but for the life of us, we could not divine what he meant by the term. Our views of idleness, are, that to be idle, is to be freed, or rather freeing one's self from labor or care, & living merely because one has not the power to do otherwise. Now, Byron's hours must have been quite busily employed, to have produced so pretty a volume. Contrast them with those hours, which now-a-days we denominate idle ones, and a vast difference will be visible. Instead of poetry, soul inspiring and sublime, our genuine idlers can scarcely concoct a new idea, and are, to all purposes of improvement, nonexistent. But we half suspect that his lordship labored hard enough, in bringing forth his progeny of rhymes, and to give them the greater éclat, and to mark them as the effusions of a rare genius, gave them this unassuming name. Byron was indeed a rare genius, of no ordinary mould, and his works need no such aids; one above the necessity of employing such vouchers; but the principle belongs to human nature, and is capable of an every day application. How often do we see and hear a repetition of the folly; men prefacing the most carefully revised productions, with apologies for want of care in the preparation, that they are the effusions of a moment, hastily thrown together without reflection, and all those modest preliminaries, which, when we come to admire the piece, will prompt us, out of wonder, still more to admire the author. The orator too, in this way, sins without bounds. Does he read Demosthenes and Curran, and study his subject a week, in view of an occa-

sion on which he is to shine most brilliantly—see him bow to the "discerning public," and express his regret and grateful surprise for the unexpected honor; he looks very modest, and feels very wise; and comes out the lion of the hall, and the "admiring multitude" decree him a great genius. So it is the world over; modesty is the purifying principle—it gives a grace to great efforts, and is a shield to the weak; all admire it and many too often assume its semblance to conceal the absence of its real and substantial properties.—*Bulletin.*

Extracts from Mrs. SPOONER'S new work entitled "Sketches, &c."

Conjugal Love.—Conjugal love, early fixing on an object most amiable and beautiful, was as a fountain of living water, springing up to allay thirst, and to renovate weariness. I was anxious that my home should be the centre of intellectual and polished society, where the buddings of thought should expand unchilled, and those social feelings which are the lifeblood of existence, flow forth, unfettered by heartless ceremony. And it was so.

A Father's Love to a Daughter.—A father loves his son, as he loves himself,—and in all selfishness, there is a bias to disorder and pain. But his love for his daughter is different and more disinterested; possibly he believes that it is called forth by a being of a higher and better order. It is based on the integral and immutable principles of his nature. It recognizes the sex in hearts, and from the very gentleness and mystery of womanhood, takes that coloring and zest which romance gathers from remote antiquity. It draws nutriment from circumstances which he may not fully comprehend, from the power which she possesses to awaken his sympathies, to soften his irritability, to sublimate his aspirations;—while the support and protection which she claims in return, elevate him with a consciousness of assimilation to the ministry of those benevolent and powerful spirits, who ever "bear us up in their hands, lest we dash our foot against a stone."

A Daughter's Love.—Sometimes, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passion and prejudice, and that the fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought home, and called my bird of song, and listened to the warbling of her high, heaven toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil. I wondered where my perturbations had fled, but still more, that I had ever indulged them. Sometimes, the turmoil and fluctuation of the world, threw a shade of dejection over me; then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once, a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me; it rankled in my breast, like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down, in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it: a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on the sofa, by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon,—pressed to ruby lips. It was enough. I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackneyed expression of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted "the winter of my discontent." Ever was she endowed with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both when to be silent, and when to speak,—and so to speak, that the frosts might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discords be tuned to harmony.

ELECTRICITY.—It is extremely probable, says the Medical Quarterly, that whatever conducts the electricity of the body from it will occasion direct debility. With this view, I have long been in the habit of causing females, who use steel supports in their stays, to lay them altogether aside. The experiments of Casper Hauser confirm this supposition.

DELICACY OF THE FEMALE TOUCH.—There is a kind of magic to the female hand in the touch of silks, satins, and sarsnets—in the handling of lace, leno, and embroidery, which it is difficult for the other sex to imagine.

BRITISH LITERATURE.

Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[Continued from page 156.]

Scott.—It has been said that the "Author of Waverley" looked on all things through a romantic medium; the splendid plantations, and finely laid out inclosures of Abbotsford were created out of a peat bog; and the house itself, at once convenient and picturesque, was pronounced by a Frenchman to be a romance in stone and lime. This is true also of his romances; the jail of Edinburgh has inspired a story which will last as long as Arthur's seat; from the dry as dust materials of vague tradition he has raised the magnificent edifice of "Ivanhoe;" from the wild acts and fantastic sayings of the Cameronians, he has made a story of lasting interest; and out of a Blacksmith, laboring in the smut of his forge, he has created a hero both in mind and courage, and left him a laborer in fire still. To do all this—and this is but a tithe of what he did—required imagination, sensibility, knowledge of character, an eye for all that is beautiful, a heart for all that is heroic, added to powers of combination and description, such as none but a poet of a high order ever possessed. He found the prose fiction of his country deformed by many strange inventions, inoculated with much false sentiment, overwhelmed with idly minute descriptions, and the voice of nature nearly lost in that of affectation; he reformed and restored it in far more than its original beauty. He re-inspired whatever his own heart pronounced good in the narratives of his predecessors and contemporaries, and he added a breadth and variety of character, a dramatic life and vigor, and a poetic richness and elevation which has rendered our best prose romances more than a match, in general interest, to our best poems. Lord Byron poured out poem after poem, Scott poured out romance after romance; the poetry of the one, the prose of the other, became so popular that no other works were regarded, and the question was, which of the two was the greater. Without attempting to decide this, it may be safely said, that as Byron had formerly triumphed over Scott in song, Byron, was certainly triumphed over in his turn by Scott in prose: and yet not one word of vexation or envy was uttered by either of those illustrious spirits; on the contrary they spoke and wrote of one another with respect and affection.

Scott chose at first to engage in this new adventure with his beaver down; and the Waverley novels were given to the world under imaginary names. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, and appeared in Paris with a hundred thousand men at his back, his coming confounded the world no more than did these marvelous novels, when fiction after fiction came pouring upon the public. First, "Waverley" with its mountain chiefs and highland manners; secondly, "Guy Mannering," redolent of the lowlands, with its glorious peasant Dimmont, and its half inspired gipsy, Meg Morries; thirdly, "The Antiquary," with the inimitable Edie Ochiltree and Monkbarnes; fourthly, "Rob Roy," with Bailie Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice, of the parish of Dreepdail, where lang kale were raised under hand glasses; fifthly, "The Black Dwarf," and the matchless "Old Mortality," with its Balfour of Burley, who fought the Devil and killed the Dutchman, the fiery and fierce Claverhouse, the reckless Bothwell, the sly and courageous Cuddie, who could make his ain wee pickle sense gang farther than his mother could make hers, though she spoke like a minister; sixthly, "The heart of Mid Lothian," redeemed from the stain of the jail by Jeanie Deans and Effie her sister; by Madge Wildfire, one of the most natural of all creations, not forgetting Douce Davie Deans, who thought it a marvel that a small pistol could kill a big blustering fellow, and Daddie Rat, whose soul was always in a swifter whether to be honest or knavish, and who offered to take Jeanie Deans to a canna howf in the Pleasants, where the Procurator Fiscals in Scotland should not catch her; seventhly, "The Legend of Montrose," of which the hero is Sir Dugald Dalgetty, a bold mercenary, who, like Colonel Urrey, of the same wars, sold his sword to either king or parliament; eighthly, "The Bride of Lammermoor," saddened all over with a presentiment of coming misery, with its haughty Ravenswood, Blind Alice, and Johnnie Mortsheugh, who could either prepare a grave or screw the pegs of his fid-

dle as chance sent customers; and ninthly, the magnificent romance of "Ivanhoe," adorned by the sublime Rebecca, with such flashes of bravery and drollery from the Black Knight and Friar Tuck as have been no where equaled.

These are but the first course of princely fictions which Scott served up to the public, others followed with marvelous rapidity; some as good, and others worse, than those I have named, but all marked with the same extraordinary powers of conception, both of subject and of character. It may be observed of the second series, that in one or two instances, the author introduced spiritual agencies—not ghosts of legerdemain manufacture, but those unembodied forms which the vanity of man imagines God has placed over him to aid in working out his fortune and protect him from the influence of the spirits of evil. Of this kind was the White Lady of Avenel; the idea was fine—she did her ministering for some time deftly enough, and much to the edification of the public, particularly when she soused the monk in the Tweed, and sang her unearthly song; but all lovers of the marvelous stared when she cured the priest whom Christie of Clinthill had slain; repaired the mortal gash in the body of Percy Shafton; and dug a grave and filled it up so that even ploughmen could not tell it from solid ground. All these were errors of the first magnitude; and had Scott said to himself, Go to, I shall bring spiritual agency into contempt,—he could have been more successful. He next made an effort of another kind in the same way; he set his spiritual spinning jennies in motion to scare the iron nerved round head leaders of Oliver Cromwell. The trick was not successful; Mrs Radcliffe surpassed him far in these wooden contrivances; and it seems he felt that he had not succeeded in his "spiriting"; he confessed the White Maid to be a failure, and as for mechanical devils, he never tried them again.

With real flesh and blood he wrought marvels enough. No writer since the days of Shakspeare has created so many fine, healthy, life like, and original characters; other novelists may boast of a couple, or four, or half a dozen; but eight or ten in one fiction is common to Scott. There are a dozen in the "Fortunes of Nigel" alone—all unlike one another, clearly belonging to different families, and with nothing in common save the air they breathe. He had no great track in making heroes and heroines; his creations of this sort—always with the exception of Diana Vernon—have less attraction about them than what is really necessary to carry on the story. Yet on closer examination, and when the hurry of a first perusal is over, we shall find a thousand indications of delicacy of feeling, and a thousand intimations of the tender passion, which we had before overlooked. See for instance, how much neatness, and with what graceful touches, he acquaints us not only with the deep love with which Julia Mannering regarded Bertram, but exhibits the passion at work. In his Edith Plantagenet, too, he has shown how gracefully true love sits on a noble nature. Yet the charm of his stories resides in what may be called the subordinate characters; of these he has troops and battalions, all different from each other, yet all like nature. The Dougal creature could not talk like Andrew Fairservice; nor could Andrew brave the dangers of witchcraft and cut throats in caverns like his namesake Dimmont; Charleshope, again, is quite another sort of rustic from Cuddie Headrigg; nor could Cuddie hold the candle to Edie Ochiltree, who has a spice of poetry and mischief in his nature: all these differ from Richie Moniplies; nor can the wise and faithful Richie be named with Harry Wynd, the smith who was the meekest man in Perth, and who only fought with Highlandmen when he found them on the south side of Sterling bridge. In the higher characters we have the same wondrous variety. The military antiquarian, Cosmo Bradwardine, is quite unlike the civil antiquarian, Monkbarnes, who boasted so much of his ancestor, the printer, that his nephew alledged his veins were filled with printer's ink; and both differ from Guy Mannering, whose love of ancestry and attachment to bandy legged dogs are visible as his bravery. Then we have the singular Rob Roy; one day a burley drover, saying a civil word to every one, and turning an honest penny in a quiet way; and another day, a wild, daring, Highland chief, crying, "Dinna maister me, man—my foot's on my native heath, and my name's Macgregor!" It has been remarked,

that Scott has made all his characters talk professionally; for instance, Guy Mannering speaks like a soldier, and uses terms of war in conversation; while Pleydell carries the Court of Sessions about with him: there is probably too much of this; but our conversation is at least colored by what engages our daily thoughts; and it cannot be denied that Scott has exhibited the character by other marks, and only calls these in as aids to make the picture perfect.

All the qualities which please us in his poetry, reappear in his romances, with the addition of the dramatic drolleries and humbler humanities of rustic life. There is every where a singular and happy mixture of the higher and lower qualities; he lives more in the upper and yet as much in the lower air, as Fielding; he has all the fertility of Smollet, and all the poetic glow of Wilson. He is remarkable for rapid vehemence of narrative. All with Scott is easy—he never labors; he always masters his subject, and never exhausts. He stands without a rival at the head of Prose fiction; and it is to his praise that he found his subjects chiefly in his native island.

R. C. MATURIN has been fondly called the Walter Scott of Ireland; and it must be owned that fine elements of fiction are visible in his works—glimpses of original character—flashes of intellectual light—snatches of impressive dialogue, united to an occasional force of handling, all of which belong to the great masters of romance;—but then these great beauties are overlaid with rubbish. He wanted the taste to prepare the materials which he amassed. He planned his structure, squared some of the stones, rounded some of the columns, carved a few of the capitals, and then began to build; but unlike all other architects, he employed unheaven sticks with hewn, and reared a lofty edifice enough, but one out of all keeping, without beauty of finish or true unity of parts. He neither raised a rude Stone Henge, nor built a scientific St Paul's; but did both in one, and produced a monster. All this, and more, is visible in his "Women" and his "Melmoth." The first is an Irish story, wild, wonderful and savage, with many redeeming touches of pathos and beauty, and brought frequently back from extravagance by fine traits of character. The second is not altogether so bad as some reviewers have pronounced it; yet sufficiently to excite thousands for closing their eyes against the poetic invention and buoyancy of fancy every where visible. The hero of the story is a second Faustus who has bartered his soul with Satan for protracted life and unlimited enjoyment; and the heroine is a sort of goddess—a virgin of the sea—who lives amid her isles, working enchantments like Circe, and marries the devil's dupe, and dies in the dungeons of the Inquisition. It is said that the man was almost as wild as his productions; he seldom spoke to any one after the first interview, imagining once to be condescension enough to so fine a genius; and in hours of more than common emotion, he placed a wafer on his brow—a sign to his servants not to intrude upon him.

"The Wild Irish Girl" first made LADY MORGAN known to the world. It has much of the natural both in character and delineation, and a certain pleasing wildness of manner intertwining itself with the joyous realities of social life. The work, though coming from a young spirit, intimated a growing discernment, an acuteness of observation, and a readiness of wit, of which she has since given many specimens. "The Novice of St Dominic," amid much fine description and scenes of passion, had a natural tone at once earnest and touching. Nor was "Ida of Athens," without its attractions, though severely handled by Gifford, that Anarch old, and exhibited as ridiculous, in a criticism written for the purpose of crushing it. The novels of Lady Morgan are not her best works. She is a painter of manners, not imaginary but real; of scenes not of fancy, but of reality; and of characters such as are visible in flesh and blood and have taken a part in the great drama of existence. In these historic delineations she is perhaps without an equal; the character is sometimes limned at full length; sometimes exhibited in profile, and even like the portraits of Vandyke, some of the heads look over the shoulder; but she never misses to give the spirit or to seize on the character of the mass. She works, indeed, in strong light and shade, and occasionally gives a person of dignity no very dignified employment; but he is always clear and intelligible;

and, moreover, aims in all her works to spread a love of freedom and a hatred of oppression. She has written too openly, too bitterly, and too cleverly, not to have enemies, strong as well as numerous. Her works on France and on Italy have made her popular abroad. In foreign lands she is received as a benefactress; here, her sentiments have been misrepresented or ridiculed; and she has been subjected to such personal abuse, as, I believe, no lady has ever been doomed to suffer. This is unjust as well as discourteous, and ought not to be. In all she writes there is genius, and that of very varied kind: there is wit, humor, tenderness, heroism, love of country, and a fine vein of light and agreeable fancy. Some of her sentiments are, no doubt, unwelcome to one party in the state; but why should her merits be weighed in a party balance! The presence of genius in her works ought to protect her against such rudeness and incivility.

OF HANNAH MORE it is not easy to speak: the sentiments which she utters have a scriptural source, and the aim of her writings is the eternal welfare of mankind; to this high purpose she has devoted some score or more of closely printed volumes; but though she has sometimes aided the influence of religious feeling by dramatic details and the introduction of character, she has never succeeded in communicating that life or variety which brings popularity, and scatters works of fiction from the palace to the hovel. In religious romance no one has come near the inventor and maker, honest John Bunyan: his abstract personifications have all the peculiarity and life which belong to persons of flesh and blood; not so the allegorical personages of others; they come like shadows, and as shadows depart; they speak, it is true, but we listen to their speeches as we would to

A wooden headed haranguing.

With prompting priest behind the hang'ng.

We are no admirers of religious romances; we are content with the New Testament, and prefer the simple language of our Savior to all the glosses of the learned and the speculations of the ingenious. The most inspiring can never reach the "height of that great argument," nor better express our duty to God and man, than Christ and his Apostles have expressed it. We listen with reverence to speculations from the pulpit, but with impatience to all lay lectures, to the deplorable of the "unco guid, or of the rigidly righteous."

The "Simple Story," and the "Nature and Art" of Mrs INCHBALD, attracted much attention; and when the world was satisfied with the perusal, there was something about the authoress herself to awaken curiosity.—She was an admirable novelist, shrewd and observing; and a handsome woman; yet she resembled the rest of her sex so little, that she took little pains to render her person agreeable, and set so little store by the elegancies of life, that she lived in a mean way, and ate fruit and drank water like an anchorite. That one admired as an authoress, and who had by her genius achieved a small independence, should do all this, excited some wonder; but her diaries have solved the problem: she lived in a simple way that she might be independent, and also apply the residue of her income to the maintenance of her sister, and to deeds of benevolence and charity. Such goodness of heart as this ought to preserve her name as something of a rarity, should her works be forgotten; but of that there is little fear; nature always takes care of her own.

Of the "Vathek" of BECKFORD, England can not well claim the inspiration; for, though its words are here, all that renders those words touching or expressive is of another land. It is little known, and was never popular with the public; it has admirers among the ingenious and the traveled, who can appreciate its merits, and feel its claims to originality.

[Continued at page 172.]

SOMETHING NEW.—A lingual Telegraph, or language by music, which is capable of being put in practice at sea or on shore, by day or by night, has lately been invented in Paris. The members of the academy of Fine Arts have recommended the invention, and Mr Sudre, the inventor, to the notice of the government—conceiving the system to be of public utility, as securing the advantages of remote communication.

APPLICATION.

There is no habit more profitable and beneficial in its consequences, than that which I have selected for the subject of this article.— Though not possessed perhaps at birth, still there is no individual who can not acquire it, if he resolves to improve his time in an industrious and diligent manner. Habit is the creature of self determination, and is an artificial attainment—not a natural gift. All mankind are equally empowered to accustom themselves to particular practices, and one individual is no more capacitated for study than another, supposing there is no discrepancy between their intellectual faculties.— These principles conceded, it will be readily admitted, that it becomes a matter of great importance to establish early a rigid discipline for our lives, and habituate ourselves to what is virtuous and useful, ere we have arrived to the age of maturity. If the character I gave to application in the commencement be correct, the urging you to become subjects to the habit would be mere supererogation.

To one who has never accustomed himself to severe and continued study, the perusal of a deep and voluminous work on science is painfully irksome, and calls all his patience into requisition. In solving the problems of Euclid, or translating some of the intricate passages in the ancient classics, he would sicken at the task and abandon the undertaking, from want of assiduity and perseverance adequate to its accomplishment. On the other hand, a scholar of less natural genius, but more application, would surmount these difficulties by dint of untiring assiduity and irrefragable determination. Though slow of perception, he would arrive at the desired point by a gradual yet certain progress. He would clear away by degrees the clouds enveloping it; and the obstacles that discouraged his unsuccessful predecessor, would only multiply and invigorate his exertions. Thus, after a period of intense labor, he would achieve the victory and solve the mystery.

The acquisition of knowledge may be compared with much propriety to searching for diamonds. These rare and precious gems are not to be found upon the surface of the ground; but lie deep in its bosom. In order to obtain them, it is necessary to remove the immense mass of earth with which they are covered; and to accomplish this, the most indefatigable perseverance is required. Thus it is with science. The Pierrian spring can only be approached by a long and difficult path, a path abounding in impediments, that unassisted genius can not overcome. To any thing but steady, toilsome and assiduous application these obstacles are insurmountable. To that student who can not infuse into his mind sufficient energy and spirit to contend with the difficulties which the accession of the hill of science presents, the river of knowledge is inaccessible. He can never taste its sweet and refreshing waters: the valley of ignorance must ever be his home.

Application is the grand universal lever by which great enterprises are consummated and huge tasks performed. It is the principle by which vast discoveries in the labyrinth of science are made; the clouds of obscurity which involve philosophical truths dispelled; and the mysteries that baffled the penetration of genius, explained. It despairs at no difficulties; it is discouraged by no obstacles; it continues its progress, triumphing over the barriers that it meets, and determined to attain its object.

Scholars of superior natural intellects often trust to their genius solely for success in study. If they are unable to understand a proposition in Euclid by merely reading it once, or see the meaning of a dark passage in Virgil at the first glance, they are disappointed and feel indisposed to make another trial. Moreover, they frequently resign themselves to indolence and inactivity, by reason of their immoderate confidence in the power of their minds. They act under the belief that there is no need of immediate industry, and that at some future period they can apply themselves to study so closely, as to make full amends for their former waste of time. They flatter themselves with the vain idea that they can accomplish by a single effort as much as the majority of mankind could achieve by a long course of study. While they are thus consuming their time uselessly, others of less genius but greater assiduity gradually excel them. If a student

aspires to a conspicuous station among literary men, he must as an indispensable requisite practice habits of application. As well might the bird of Jove soar into the clouds by looking at his pinions, as for man to become eminent among his fellows by merely being conscious of his ability to do so. Power and the exercise of it are two different things; though equally important constituents of greatness. The one forms the basis and the other the superstructure. Without the former the fabric could not be erected; without the latter it would be useless. Demosthenes must have been endowed by nature with considerable talents, or he never could have gained the title of Father of Eloquence; but had he omitted to cultivate them in the laborious, persevering manner that characterized his early life, they would have proved like gold neglected in the mine or fruitful soil untilled. Knowledge is not a spontaneous plant. It must be reared with care; and receives its only nutriment from application. The ground may be fertile, yet it would not flourish there, under the blighting indifference of sloth. On the other hand, it often abounds in regions of original sterility and barrenness, which have, however, been improved by recourse to artificial means. Many, possessing ordinary minds, have elevated themselves to greatness by their own exertions; and may be truly compared to birds of "small feather," who mount above the imperial eagle on wings of their own manufacture. Let not the man of innate genius, then, rely too strongly on the gifts of nature. If he ever relaxes his efforts on that account, it might be well for him to remember the fable of the turtle and the hare.

Lockport, N. Y.

NATURE AND ART.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia suntu.

Horace.

Nature is forever before us. We can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imagination with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colors of an evening sky, or the winding of a limpid stream. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature—the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that fill the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favorite subjects with the poet and the painter; they charm us in description, or they glow upon canvass. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleasure they will yield, with the works of nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention; how it happens, that the descriptions of the poet and imitations of the painter, seem to communicate more delight than the things they describe or imitate.

In estimating the respective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted, that the performance in every single object, is due to the former. Take the simplest blossom that blows; observe its tints or its structure, and you will own them the most unrivaled. What pencil, how animated soever, can equal the glories of the sky at sun set? Or can the representations of moonlight, even by Homer, Milton and Skakpeare, be more exquisitely finished than the real scenery of a moonlight night?

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding superior pleasure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their skill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to design, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expression, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of nature, unless she has been reformed by the taste of an ingenious improver, intentions of this sort are very seldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, solemn, tranquil, impetuous and fantastic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influence of arrangement, or to the consistency of their effects on the mind.

The elegant artist, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, suggests only those objects that excite similar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an opposite or even of a different tendency. If the scene he describes be

solemn, no lively nor fantastic image can have admission: but if, in a sprightly mood, he displays scenes of festivity, every pensive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction; they make one great and entire impression.

To illustrate this remark, let us observe the conduct of Milton, and Il Penseroso. In the Allegro, meaning to excite a cheerful mood, he suggests a variety of objects; for variety, by giving considerable exercise to the mind, and by not suffering it to rest long on the same appearance, occasions brisk and exhilarating emotions. Accordingly, the poet shows us, at one glance, and, as it were, with a single dash of his pen,

Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the mibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies spied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themselves are cheerful; for, besides waving brooks, meadows and flowers, we have the whistling ploughman, the singing milkmaid, the mower whetting his scythe and the shepherd lying beneath a shade.— The images, so numerous, so various and so cheerful, are animated by lively contrasts; we have the mountains opposed to the meadows; "shallow brooks and rivers wide." Add to this that the charms of the landscape are heightened by the bloom of a smiling season; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a summer's morning:

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries bright.

Every image is lively; every thing different is withheld; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now observe the conduct of his Il Penseroso. This poem is, in every respect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the intentions of the poet being to promote a serious and solemn mood, he removes every thing lively; "Hence, vain deluding joys! He quits society; he chooses silence and opportunities for deep reflection; some still removed place will fit." The objects he presents are few. In the quotations, beginning with "Russet lawns," there are eight living images: in the following, of equal length, there is only one.

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Hopping through a fleecy cloud.

The sound that can be, in every respect, agreeable to him, must correspond with his present humor: not the song of the milkmaid, but that of the nightingale; not the whistling ploughman, but the sound of the curfew.— His images succeed one another slowly, without rapid or abrupt transitions, without any enlivening contrasts: and he will have no other light for his landscape than that of the moon; or, if he can not enjoy the scene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a solitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chooses for his retreat, are perfectly suited to his employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in considering

What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind.

Every image is solemn: every thing different is withheld: here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great measure, to this attention in the writer to preserve unity and consistency of sentiment, notwithstanding considerable imperfections in the language and versification, Allegro and Il Penseroso have so many admirers. The skill of the poet and painter, in forming their works so as to excite kindred and united emotions deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature, with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyments; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquisite landscape—of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the

general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse however, is tender and can not be described. Indeed it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular to the works of the poet. Verses may be published, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unless like the poems of Parmel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they please by their enchanting influence on the heart, and by exciting feelings that are consistent or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expresses this sentiment when he says, in the words of my motto,

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia suntu:
And an attention to this circumstance is so important; that along with some other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at least, to rival the works of nature.

ANON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

PEACE SOCIETIES.—NO. II.

Look at the face of society in all Christian countries at the present day—a day, the light and intellectual and moral improvement of which, the pulpit, the press, and the forum, in all their thousand forms of blazoning, concur to vaunt. The single grand idea, the pole star, to which all the training of society directly or indirectly tends, is *precedence*: precedence from the nursery to the school, from the school to the bridal bed, and thence through all the beaten paths of ambition to the grave. I see little in society, however glossed, however labeled with moral and christian inscription, that may not be ultimately resolved into this universal and absorbing idea. To an observing eye, to a mind that will be satisfied with seeing things only as they are, proofs are unnecessary.— Such a mind comprehends, that the most eloquent and apparently the most sincere eulogist of the moral of the gospel from the pulpit, puts his children into the same current of influences that bears down the rest, and receives, with impatience and displeasure, the information that they are unambitious, and not in the line of precedence.

The more striking facts that prove this truth, are seen in the universal admiration from infancy to age, with which armies and martial spectacles are contemplated; the involuntary homage paid to warriors and conquerors; the names of great assigned to the Alexanders, Cæsars, Khans and Napoleons, whose claims to the epithet are founded only on the extent of their murders. Hence the avidity and delight with which the pupils of Christendom devour the pages of ancient history, which contain little more than the record of wars, bloody struggles for national precedence, or the triumphs of one ascendant murderer over another. This is the true secret of the interest of the ancient records in comparison with modern history, which is a chronicle of the intrigues, which only terminate in war as a remoter result. In ancient history the fierce struggle for precedence passes, in all its excitement, directly under the eye. In modern history we see little more than the disguised movements, which are the germinating principle of the mighty mischief.

Hence the history of man from the throne to the footstool, is little more than some form of ambition struggling for precedence. Hence in the female coterie, however informed may be many of its members, the absorbing interest of one theme—that which descants on dress and personal appearance, and is subservient to vanity and ambition. Hence even the moral and religious associations of the day but too often owe their origin to the universal desire of precedence.

But this passion for precedence is simply our animal instinct, fostered, indeed, to a master passion in man by all the education and training of society; but existing and showing itself in all the animal tribes. We gloss its various modifications with the terms magnanimity, heroism, bravery, superior intellect. But the lion and the tiger, the bull and mastiff, are, in their way, as fond of precedence, and will struggle as hard for it as a man; and, had they written or vocal speech, we should hear, too, of their bravery, heroism and mercy.

The most cursory reader of the gospel, the true and only exposition of the moral code of human nature, can not fail to have observed that the whole precept and example of Jesus Christ is in direct opposition to this grand

and absorbing animal impulse of precedence. His inculcation is, that we must become humble to become truly great; that forgiveness is heroism and magnanimity; that preferring others to ourselves is true glory; that gentleness and forbearance, and peace and love, are the fruits of real moral grandeur.

True, such views are occasionally presented from the pulpit; but too often as cold and barren fictions, in which no one believes; paradoxes, which it is the fashion always to eulogize and never to practice. An accomplished Christian hero, armed from head to foot in Christian panoply, would be deemed, I fear, in these days, a mean spirited personage, fit for little else than to become a slave.

It is true, however, that in the astonishing progress of mind in the training of a preponderant physical education, it has reached a point of advance where the physical and moral boundaries touch. All our real intellectual and moral improvement, all the growing light and influence of public opinion, all the advance of the nations in the knowledge and attainment of their rights, result only from these imperfect glimpses into the moral kingdom, which have been taken by the mind pushing its researches to the extreme limits of physical attainment. Prophecy and history, and the actual progress of society, concur to proclaim that the animal and physical nature of man shall ultimately yield to his higher moral nature. Partial and dim perceptions of what is truly great and good, have already changed the face of society. The example and precept of Jesus Christ are before us, embodying the true moral character of man. A few lights of the world, from age to age, rising like stars upon our horizon, have shown us the moral man in his true greatness and glory. What one individual of our race has become, all may become; and whenever man shall be raised up from the physical to the moral kingdom, whenever he shall be as effectually trained to discern that true greatness consists in meekness, humility, self denial, and disinterestedness, as he is now educated to seek it in precedence, war, and necessity come to an end. But so long as the desire of precedence, ambition, cupidity and the fiercer lusts and passions of the animal nature have a general ascendancy in the universal training and discipline, wars and fightings will as necessarily spring from the ambition of the one sex and the vanity of the other, as fire is kindled and sustained by the accumulation of wood.

These mighty evils can be reached only through the universal reception of the Gospel of Peace. Every Christian believes that the period will arrive when peace, in its noblest and broadest import—peace of mind, conscience, and the passions, will prevail. But while waiting for that period, in faith and hope, we must commence the work by laying the axe to the root of the tree. The mischief must be attacked in the germ, and that acerbity of grasping ambition, which, under the name of noble emulation, and a legitimate struggle for precedence, is so assiduously inculcated in the nursery, the parlor, the school room, the debating hall, the senate, the courts of justice, and even in the sacred ministry, must be repressed. Here the evil commences. In every department of modern society, in every school of discipline where seminal principles are implanted, ambition, envious, burning ambition, ambition incapable of enduring rivalry, is inculcated by the whole influence of the general example. A sovereign and a state are none other than the representatives of the accumulated mass of the ambition, cupidity, and intolerance of the individuals that compose the state. Seeing the accumulation of the individual ambition of so many millions, like the compression of the elastic gases in the bosom of a volcanic mountain, need we marvel that wars so often occur? On the contrary, is not the wonder, that there should ever be peace between the nations? The mischief commences in the cradle, the nursery, the drawing room; in the places where men and women most congregate and resort, and where the clarion of fame sounds its loudest notes. The animal is stirred. The physical man is excited; and for untold ages the multiform modifications of this excitement have been labeled glory, magnanimity, clemency, disinterestedness: in short, every thing that men deem moral and praiseworthy. Talk as we will of the present aspect of society, I appeal to observing men of truth, I appeal to ministers of the gospel, who are not incapacitated to judge by the prejudices of the *esprit du corps*, if the

first and radical principle, imprinted into the bosom of our children by all their discipline, by all they see and look forward to, is not, "Be first in your walk, endure no rival!" This, I repeat, is no discipline above that of the mere animal. The lion inherits it all from nature. Masses of this spirit are a perpetual magazine of war. In the bosom of every individual, it is by the righteous constitution of our nature, a perpetual reservoir of self torment.

Why is not the moral grandeur of Christian humility, self possession, self conquest, toleration, preferring others to ourselves in honor? Why are not the morals of the gospel presented in forms equally attractive with that which now continually stimulates the child and the man to be the first? Why are not the deceptive tendencies of our seminal instruction in this respect pointed out? Why have no primary fountains of instruction yet been opened, where the true morality of the gospel has been so inculcated by precept and example, as that the people have been as naturally trained to just moral ideas, to the love and practice of what is intrinsically great, as they are now to have the life springs tainted with the poison of ambition, and all those animal passions that give birth to war?

General Intelligence.

FRANKLIN, TEN., MAY 2.—*The Lost Child.*—It is seldom we have been called on to record a more affecting, or heart touching incident than the following: On Monday, 21st ultimo, a little boy, named Franklin, about four years old, son of Mr William Bond, living on Leiper's Fork of West Harpeth, in this county, had wandered away in company with two of his playmates, to a considerable distance from home. Here, whilst amusing themselves, his little companions unthinkingly left him, and finding himself alone, and apparently in a strange place, he became alarmed, and starting off in quite a different direction from his father's house, soon lost himself in the woods. The distress and anxiety of the bereaved parents on discovering their loss, will readily be imagined. Immediate and thorough search was commenced, but for the time it was fruitless. The whole neighborhood, with a feeling and a spirit that did honor to themselves and to human nature, turned out; and for two long weary days and sleepless nights, the search was kept up without either trace or tidings of the lost child. On Wednesday morning, it is estimated that more than three hundred of the neighborhood had collected to give their assistance. Two hundred and fifty-four on horse and foot, formed into lines, with horns in the centre and at the ends, for the purpose of traversing the country; and covering every foot of ground, as the last and most effectual means of discovery. The plan was successful. Late in the afternoon, the child, having been several times directly in the line of those on the search, being frightened at the unusual bustle and array of so many individuals, made his way unobserved, till he unexpectedly arrived at the house of Mr Samuel Williams.

Here, the infant wanderer was kindly received, and welcome tidings of his recovery quickly communicated to his almost disconsolate father and mother. The little fellow was a good deal exhausted from hunger and fatigue, having been without food from the short time he strayed off, until discovered. He had slept the first night in a hollow log, and a second on a bed of leaves. Once or twice he heard his father who was looking for him through the woods calling him by name, and innocently asked him, "father, why did'nt you come to me when I answered you?" and told him he "saw him in the woods carrying fire in his hands." It would be impossible for me to portray the feelings of the parents on the sudden change from despair to certainty; they may be more readily conceived than described. All present participated in the joy and satisfaction which the event occasioned. The outbursting of parental tenderness was like the gushing forth of a fountain in the sandy desert, and the appearances and countenances of the group around, sufficiently indicated that there are yet many noble feelings and generous affections mingled with the darker attributes of humanity, that like the first bright flowers of the early spring, grow up among the thorns and thistles, so thickly strewn along the weary pathway of human life.—*Western Review.*

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—Three years ago, Geo. Wetsell, a sober, industrious seaman, married a very handsome young woman, with whom he lived on terms of the greatest happiness for upwards of two years. In that period she bore him two children, both of whom, however, died. He unfortunately, as it has since turned out, rented the upper part of a store at the foot of Rector street, which he comfortably furnished, and left his wife in possession of it, on going to sea in the ship Francis, a few months ago. On his return, about a month since, he found his wife living, as was reported, in a state of concubinage with the person from whom he had rented the rooms, and she refused to return to his protection. His daily pursuits and connections being in that neighborhood, the unfortunate affair preyed so on his mind, that he became nearly frantic; frequently observing that the first two years after his marriage his life was "one scene of uninterrupted bliss," and that notwithstanding his wife's infidelity, he still "loved the very ground on which she walked." All the efforts of his friends to make him bear up under his misfortunes, were unavailing; and on Tuesday evening, he went to a druggist shop in Broadway, and purchased a lump of crude opium. He took this into a store in Washington st., and putting it into a tumbler, deliberately mixed it up with a little water and sugar, and drank it off. He then put down the glass, saying to the barkeeper, who thought he was taking medicine, that "the glass must be carefully washed out." He went out and fell asleep on the dock, and on being aroused, could only faintly articulate, "God bless her—may she be happy—God forever bless and forgive her—I shall be at home in a few hours." He was taken to the hospital, and died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

A MOUTHFUL.—Mr S. Coleman, of No. 30 Division street, had a very valuable small gold French watch stolen from him on Tuesday; and suspicion falling upon a Spaniard named Barretta, who slept in the same room with Mr C., an officer was sent for, and Barretta was searched, together with his trunks, which operation lasted about an hour, and which he cheerfully submitted to. During all this time he was not out of Sparks's (the officer's) sight. Nothing being found to justify suspicion, Sparks was about leaving the room, and the Spaniard very politely opened the door to let him out, when, just as he was passing Barretta, he fancied he heard a ticking, and turning suddenly round, he looked the Spaniard full in the face, and observing something suspicious in the shape of his mouth, he pulled open his jaws, *tri et armis*, and there discovered the watch. Barretta stands committed.—*ib.*

A REAL HORSE STORY.—Yesterday morning, as a carman was backing his horse against a store in Old Slip, the horse became restive, and its owner beating it severely, it ran off the side of the dock on to one of the sloops lying there, dragging the cart on board at the same time, and being arrested, or "brought up" by a mainsail that was unfurled to dry, the animal beat a hole in it with his fore feet, and dashing through the same, contrived to break from his harness, and after clearing the decks of several vessels, plunged into the east river and swam off in the direction of Governor's island. Two boats immediately put off, in the first of which was the present owner of the animal, and in the other its former owner; on the first boat coming abreast of the horse, the indignant animal, recognizing the man who had just beaten it, put his feet on the gunwale of the boat and upset it, by which those in it were nearly drowned; the second boat soon came up and took them out of the water, and in the meanwhile the former owner of the sagacious beast swam towards him, mounted his back, and turning his head to the shore, without bridle or halter, both horse and rider landed safely near the spot whence they started.—*ib.*

A DEAR PULL.—Reynoldson, the singer, was cast yesterday in the court of common pleas, in the sum of \$1000 and 6 cents costs, for pulling the nose of Mr Keppell, of the Park theatre. One of the jurors, on ascending the steps of the theatre, soon after the verdict was given, was thus greeted by Placide. "O worthy juror—an upright sentence—an honest verdict—oh wise young juror, how I do honor thee."—*ib.*

LATER FROM LIVERPOOL.—We learn from the N. Y. Courier and Enq., that the packet ship Napoleon, captain Smith, arrived on Friday morning from Liverpool, bringing London dates to the 23d of April, and Liverpool to the 24th. She sailed on the latter day.

Tranquility had been entirely restored in Lyons and Paris. The insurrection appears to have been of considerable extent in the former city, and to have been only suppressed by great exertions and at an immense loss of life.

Much alarm had been created in London by a procession of the Trades Union, consisting of 30,000 men. It however passed over without any collision between them and the police and soldiers, who were called out in great number.

The accounts from Portugal are favorable to the cause of the queen Donna Maria. All the ports in the north have been taken by Napoleon, and thus all communication between Don Miguel and foreign countries effectually cut off. Miguel himself is still with all his forces concentrated at Santarem, where he will probably be shortly attacked; but the most important of the recent events is the entrance of a body of 2000 Spaniards in the province of Tras-os-Montes in pursuit of Don Carlos: this is stated to be merely the vanguard of a larger army.

A very general opinion prevailed in London, that the governments of England and France were about to take some decided measures in relation to the affairs of the Peninsula.

The Cortes of Spain has been convoked. The convocation is composed of 50 articles, specifying the mode of meeting of the legislative attributes of the Cortes, and is signed by six ministers of state. The publication of the decree had given very great and general satisfaction in Madrid.

A private letter estimates the number of persons killed at Lyons at 1200; 500 in one church, 300 in another, and the remainder believed to amount to 400.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A few minutes after 4 o'clock, yesterday afternoon, says the N. Y. Commercial of Friday, a fire broke out in the rear of No. 161 Twentieth street, in the stable back of Mr Davidson's, south side, between 7th and 8th Avenues.—The wind was fresh from the northeast, which blew the flames with amazing rapidity and fury, unchecked by water, the engine being at a great distance, and the alarm not being general, so that the fire was not subdued till the entire range west of, and including No. 161, eight in front and six in the rear, together with one on the east, making fifteen in all, were burnt down. The buildings were all of wood, except two on Twentieth street, which had brick fronts, and we believe were worth on an average, one thousand dollars each, and were inhabited by numerous families who could ill afford to lose a single dollar. One house, we are informed, contained six families, and another eight, several of whom had recently arrived from Germany. Again had the gentlemen of the Episcopal Theological Seminary the pleasure of opening their doors to the houseless and destitute, the conflagration being in their immediate vicinity. The distance from the dense part of the city prevented the alarm from spreading, and although an express was sent off in a few minutes after the fire broke out, it was nearly an hour before the necessary assistance arrived.

THE SCHOONER MEXICO.—The mysterious disappearance of this vessel, engaged some months ago in the Mexican trade, and commanded by capt. James Almeida, has been accounted for by a melancholy development. It has been ascertained, says the New Orleans Bee, that the captain and cabin passengers of that vessel were murdered by three Italians who were on board, and that she was afterwards scuttled and abandoned by them somewhere on the Spanish main.

ILLNESS OF MR MADISON.—Advices from Virginia, apprise us of the severe indisposition of the venerable ex president Madison. His case had been thought so serious that Dr Dunglison, of Baltimore, (late of the Virginia University,) had been summoned in haste to visit him, and the Doctor passed through Washington on Tuesday, on his way to Montpelier. The whole country will feel grateful to him should his skill enable him to restore the venerable patriot to his accustomed health.

LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND
Repository of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, MAY 28, 1834.

The ADVANCE PRICE (only \$2.00) for the current year, will be received till the end of this month. During the months of JUNE and JULY the price will be \$2.50; at ANY TIME afterwards \$3.00 will be invariably charged.

ADVICE.—All who wish to preserve their papers for binding, should dry them thoroughly before reading. They will last twice as long, and the eye will be uninjured.

LITERARY NOTICES.—The North American Magazine is filled with instructive and entertaining articles, contributed by some of the best and most popular writers in the country. Among the many excellent papers contained in the May number, and which reflect credit both on their authors and on this truly valuable periodical, we would particularly mention Dr Beasley's Letters to his Son at College, as entitled preeminently to the regard and attention not only of those for whose especial benefit they are published, but also of every young man who sustains the character of a student, or who wishes to acquire intellectual distinction. The following remarks are peculiarly important, and contain sentiments of general application:

"That braggart and hectoring spirit, by which some mistaken young men seem to think they discover manliness and energy of character, which sets all rule and order at defiance, which is ready upon the slightest provocation, to break forth into violent opposition to every measure, however wholesome, that imposes the slightest restraint upon them or exacts the most trivial sacrifices, is as unfavorable to the formation of habits of intellectual culture, as to the growth and improvement of their moral virtues. They, who most cheerfully submit to the restraints of law, are uniformly found, in this class, the best fitted to rule. Nothing presents more infallible indications, in the youthful mind, of intellectual superiority and moral worth, than a ready and patient acquiescence under the sway of a just and salutary discipline."

"In order to impress your mind with the extreme unsuitableness of such acts [of idleness and frivolity] to your condition, and to inspire you with a just detestation of them, recollect the great and important object which you have in view, and the occupations to which you should be fervently devoted. Can the student stoop to such improprieties, who remembers that it has now become his task, to enter upon the pursuit of the finest productions of genius, in every age and nation, to enrich his mind with those treasures of wisdom, which have been accumulating from time immemorial, to form his taste and moral character upon the model of the polished Greeks and Romans, and to prepare the way to render himself distinguished in future life, and to wield the destinies of his own republic? Let such noble views as these penetrate and fill your whole soul and vibrate through every nerve, and it will become impossible that you should descend to any unworthy habits and practices. What? When you should be poring over the pages of the unrivaled classics of ancient and modern times, replenishing your understanding and improving your taste with the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes and all the Greek and Latin philosophers, historians, orators and poets, and at the same time, invigorating your intellectual and active powers with the philosophy of Newton, Locke, Bacon, with all the modern lights of science, can you prove so unfaithful to your own interest and glory, as to be wasting your time in idleness and sloth?"

The "Night Scene on Vesuvius," which we have copied on a preceding page, gives an interesting and we believe a correct description of the phenomena, &c., of that "burning mountain." Stephen Simpson, the veteran editor and able advocate of popular instruction, has furnished another essay on "Education and Exclusiveness of Knowledge," from the conclusion of which we extract the following powerful remarks and (in the main) just criticisms:

"For there are but these objects to be obtained by education. First, knowledge; second, mental enjoyment; third, intellectual vigor. If the languages of antiquity do not induct us into fresh, novel and unknown regions of intelligence, they are of no utility in relation to knowledge. If they do not produce fresh intellectual enjoyments, that can not be had from any other source, they are of no utility in relation to pleasure. If they do not add vigor to the mind, by giving it elasticity and alacrity, they are of no utility in relation to intellectual discipline and strength."

"Protracted and various experience has extorted the unwilling confession, that the dead languages burden, oppress and deaden the intellect, that they tend to depress the imagination, at the same time that they only exercise the memory in words, instead of encircling the understanding by ideas—that they occupy time and attention, to the exclusion of studies which would realize knowledge and sharpen invention. Of their tendency to sink the intellect into those habits of thinking peculiar to the Ancients, no proof need be required. The inductive system of philosophy, invented by Bacon, has never yet been able, notwithstanding its sterling principles and colossal features of pure intellect, to supersede the idle system of theorizing peculiar to the Verbose Schools of the monkish ages: a fact which proclaims volumes in favor of abolishing the study of languages, which perpetuate the modes of thinking of those who wrote in those languages, in preference to the modes of those who write or think in English. Aristotle, even at the present day, bewilders thousands, where Bacon enlightens one; and Plato is more apt to find disciples than Newton. It is rather a trite illustration, but it is a powerful one, to cite the revolution wrought in the minds of men, by the translation of the Scriptures—a revolution that has changed the face of the Pontifical Empire, struck the keys from the trembling grasp of St Peter, emancipated the kingdom after kingdom from feudal obedience to the Holy See, and which now again threatens to reverse the triumph of free inquiry by the convulsions of scepticism. All avenues to knowledge affect the mind in a similar manner,

whether that knowledge be religious, or temporal and scientific. When we break up the ancient vehicles of intelligence, or instruction, we start the mind in pursuit of knowledge fresh and unincumbered; and it bounds away to imbibe it at the gushing fountains of Nature. When we send it to the languages of Greece and Rome, we bind it to the fetters of an Egyptian mummy maker, and doom it to seek a knowledge of Nature through bandages of gum."

The "Power of Habit" is an eastern allegory, in which the danger of contracting ill habits is forcibly portrayed, and the sentiment—that the power of habit, either good or ill, triumphs over all things, appropriately illustrated. Other articles are worthy of commendation, but we can not enlarge on their merits. We must, however, remark, that Mrs Fairfield—the lady, we presume, of the talented editor—has inculcated some important rules for the government of families, in a short paper entitled "A Domestic Scene;" and that the editor himself, besides two or three beautiful poems, has furnished much valuable information under the head of "Table Talk," and of "Critical Notices."

The Western Monthly Magazine, we perceive by the notice to subscribers, has been disposed of to Mr Eli Taylor. The May number, now before us, contains several excellent and well written articles. We must, however, enter our decided protest against some of the principles advocated in the paper on "Education and Slavery;" and we hope the young gentlemen, whose praiseworthy efforts the writer so severely condemns, will never be induced to relinquish the benevolent and patriotic "measures" in which they have engaged, and which appears so admirably adapted to promote the permanent prosperity of the entire nation.

We were much pleased with the essay on "Novel Writing," of which we may hereafter avail ourselves. The "Blind Artist" is an interesting and affecting sketch, from which many important practical lessons may be drawn. The essay on the "Revival of Letters" brings together in a small compass much curious historical information, scattered through many volumes, on the renovation of learning in western Europe. The present number of this periodical is creditable to the editor and publishers.

WILLIAMS'S ANNUAL REGISTER has just made its fifth appearance. This useful little compendium deserves and ought to receive a liberal patronage. Its value to the lawyer, the merchant, and every man of business, is incalculable.

ENLARGEMENT.—The publishers of the New York Courier and Enquirer have made arrangements for a new Press of a larger size than that heretofore in use, and immediately on its completion they intend to enlarge the paper to the extent of four columns.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.—The New England Galaxy offers the following premiums for original productions, to be sent to the editor of that paper, any time prior to the 15th of July next:—Fifty dollars for the best Tale; twenty-five dollars for the best Poem; and twenty-five for the best Humorous Article.

THE POLES.—We are pleased to learn, that at a public meeting in the city of New York, a committee was chosen to solicit subscriptions for these gallant but unfortunate men, who have been cast on the hospitality of the American people by their ruthless and tyrannical conquerors. Congress, we perceive, has appropriated to them a township in the "far west."

CAPTAIN BACK'S EXPEDITION.—The British Consul in the city of New York has just received a letter from Capt. Back, dated Fort Reliance, East End of Great Slave Lake, Dec. 7, 1833. All well.

ADVANTAGE OF PROMPTNESS.—As Buffalo is not exempt from the liability to suffer by fire, our citizens may derive an important lesson from the following fact, for the particulars of which we are indebted to the N. Y. Commercial. The owner and occupant of one of the houses burned in Greenwich, had been absent from home a few days, and on his return found a notice from the insurance company that his policy had expired. He had it renewed promptly, after a parley in consequence of the premium being raised, and the renewal had been made but a few hours only before the house was in ashes.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—It will be seen by the notice in the next column, that the Young Men of Buffalo intend holding a meeting tomorrow evening, at the court house, for the purpose of devising measures to facilitate the completion of this great national work. We feel confident that both by their attendance and pecuniary contributions, the Young Men of this city will evince the fervency of their attachment to those sacred principles of civil and religious liberty, in the endeavor to establish which their FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION were content to bleed, to suffer, and to die; and the signal success of whose patriotic sacrifices, unparalleled exertions and persevering zeal, this splendid monument is designed to commemorate.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—It is with unfeigned regret we announce, that on Monday evening last, a fine little boy, about three years old, son of Mr Joseph HOGAN, baker, of this city, was accidentally run over in the street by a waggon, and so much injured that he died very shortly afterwards. It is, we think, time that something effectual should be done to put a stop to that furious driving which is often witnessed in Buffalo, and by which the lives not only of children but of our citizens in general are greatly endangered.

DAILY PAPER.—E. J. Roberts, esq. has issued proposals for publishing in this city, as soon as the type shall be received, a daily morning paper, under the title of the "Buffalo Daily Journal and Advertiser." It will be printed on a sheet of the same size as that used for the present weekly journal, of which Col. Roberts has recently become the sole editor and proprietor.

NEW WEEKLY PAPER.—R. W. Haskins, esq. formerly editor and part proprietor of the Buffalo Journal, has issued proposals for publishing a weekly paper, to be entitled the 'Buffalo Whig,' and to be devoted, as its name and prospectus intimate, to the immediate interests of the people. From the well known talents, polite bearing, and general urbanity of manners, by which the editor and proprietor is distinguished, the Buffalo Whig will, we doubt not, be ably and respectably conducted.

REMOVAL.—The office of the Buffalo Journal has been removed to No. 246 Main street, nearly opposite the Branch Bank of the United States, where the editor has established a Reading Room and Bulletin Office. The former is also used as a General Exchange.

THE LOCUSTS.—In addition to other causes of trouble, it appears that the seventeen year locusts (*Cicadas septendecim*) are to pay their periodical visits this year. It has been ascertained that the insect appears periodically, once in seventeen years, and in the spring of the year. They were observed in this country at the stated intervals from 1749 to 1817. Apprehensions are expressed that they will commit great ravages, and it is asserted that more than once when they visited some parts of New England, they not only ate up the grass in the fields, but actually attacked clothing and fences to appease their insatiable hunger. But the Encyclopedia Americana informs us that they are in no way injurious to vegetation, except from the damage done by the female in depositing her eggs—while the insect is itself the favorite food of various animals, and in this way may be turned to good account. Hogs devour them eagerly, and some of the larger birds are fond of them. The Indians consider them a delicate food when fried. In New Jersey they have been converted into soup.

In various parts of the world, from time immemorial these insects have been used as food for human beings. For this purpose, in some countries, they are caught in nets, and, when a sufficient number is procured, they are roasted over a slow fire, in an earthen vessel, till the wings and legs drop from them; when thus prepared they are said to taste like craw fish. The locust constituted a common food among the Jews, and Moses (Levit. xi. v. 22) has specified the different kinds which they were permitted to eat.

It has been disputed, however, whether the food of John the Baptist, in the Wilderness, was the insect locust, or a fruit of the same name.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

The Reading Chronicle says:—"Many of our gardeners have recently dismembered this singular insect. They have much the appearance of the common ground worm, and are said to be excellent fish bait. They are now found at the depth of about six inches from the surface of the ground."

SUMMARY.—In five ships, arrived at Quebec on the 10th inst. came 130 passengers; in five on the 11th, 121, in thirteen on the 12th, 471; in three on the 13th, 356—total 1078 in four days.

The jury in the case of Rev. Abner Kneeland at Boston, were discharged on Friday night, not having agreed. Vote eleven to one—case continued till November.

A letter from Manchester, Miss., dated 20th April, states that 116 cases of cholera had occurred during one week on the plantation of Mr Roache, six miles from that place.

The scarlet fever and measles have appeared with considerable malignity at Quebec. Among the deaths by the former, R. S. M. Sewell, esq., advocate, the third son of the chief justice, after an illness of two days.

Mr James James, American Consul at Vera Cruz, died at Puebla, on his way to the city of Mexico, 20th April.

There died at Quebec, a few days ago, an old man, named Pierre La France, aged 103.—He lived alone, in the most wretched poverty. On searching his garret, after his death, £300 in French crowns were found, which are now deposited in the hands of the parish curate, at the disposition of his heirs, if there be any.

It is mentioned in the Paris Journal des Debats, of the 22d of March, that a Frenchman named Françoise Clanda Bonnet, a native of the Dordogne, became king of Madagascar, and died a few years ago in that country worth *seventy-five million of francs*. His heirs at law have preferred their claims and are likely to obtain this immense fortune. They are in decent circumstances in Perigueux. The Journal Perigueux claims Stephen Girard as of that city, and considers as extraordinary the coincidence of the cases of opulence acquired abroad.

During the week ending the 16th inst. there arrived twelve steam boats and twentythree schooners, laden with passengers and merchandise, at the port of Oswego. In the same time there were cleared thirteen steam boats and nineteen schooners. Fourteen vessels remained in port on Saturday.

A locomotive engine has been just imported from England, for the Saratoga (N. Y.) Rail Road.

Cream of Tartar, rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleans them very much.

It is said that the elder Baring has retired from business with savings to the amount of \$40,000,000. A snug sum!

A new locomotive engine called the "Native," built by Mr Thomas Dotterer, of Charleston, S. C. has lately been placed on the Charleston rail road. It is said that it will exceed that of any other engine on the road.

A reward of \$1500 has been offered for the arrest of the villains who robbed Union Bank, of Columbia, Tenn. and committed the outrage on the cashier, Parry W. Porter, on the night of the 11th ult.

The new steam boat Oswego on her passage from Rochester to Oswego on the 19th inst. was driven ashore about 4 miles from Oswego, during a severe gale. No lives were lost. It is feared she will prove an entire wreck.

John S. Wybert, esquire, has been appointed Post Master of the town of Eden, at Tubbs's Hollow, in the place of Sterling Mallory, Esq. resigned.

The charter of the British American land company was completed on the 21st day of March, at the Colonial office, and handed over to the directors. This company is incorporated "for sale and settlement of lands in all the British North American colonies."

The provincial parliament of Upper Canada have appointed a board of directors for the purpose of constructing a canal round the Long Salt Rapids, in the St Lawrence, and authorized them to draw from the public treasury, the amount of \$48,000 per month, until they shall have expended the sum of \$280,000.

On the morning of the 12th inst., at Bailey's mills, in Stafford, (Genesee co.) on Allens's Creek, a young man by the name of Philander Beman, was killed while sawing in the saw mill.

On Wednesday last, the tannery of Mr Stephen Rumsey, of Westfield, Chautauque co. was destroyed by fire. Loss \$3,000—no insurance.

The snow at Saratoga, on the 15th inst. was 6 inches deep; at Whitehall it was 18 inches deep and fine sleighing.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT MEETING.

A MEETING of the YOUNG MEN of the city and town of Buffalo will be held at the court house on the 29th instant, at half past 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of appointing a committee to collect subscriptions to aid in the completion of the NATIONAL MONUMENT on Bunker Hill, and to transact such other business in relation thereto as may be expedient.—May 24.

MARRIED.—This morning, by the Rev. E. Tucker, Rev. A. Handy, of Sardania, to Miss Rhoda Ann Hull, of this city.

Poetry.

FIRST FLOWERS.

First flowers of the spring time,
Bright gems of the year,
All lovely and blooming,
How fresh ye appear;
Springing up in the garden,
The hedge row and vale,
Enrich'd by the showers,
And fann'd by the gale.

Your beauty is transient,
But oh! it is sweet,
As the deep felt emotion
When absent friends meet,
After dangers surmounted,
And miseries flown,
Their lips and looks telling
Of days that are gone!

Your herald—the tempest:
Your bed—the cold earth;
Unshelter'd and sunless,
The place of your birth;
The snowdrift is sweeping,
And dimly the morn
From the eastward is stealing
To hail your return.

HOPE.

Hope, heaven born cherub, still appears,
How'er misfortune seems to lower,
Her smile the threatening tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

THE MIRROR.

Julia! in this glass you see
Her who is admired by me.
Oh, that in it I could view
The happy man beloved by you!

A MENTAL HISTORY.

In the days of my youth I drank deep at the spring of fiction. I reveled in the scenes of romance; and lived, at times, in a world of my own formation; from which of course were excluded low cares and vulgar sorrows. Innocence and peace and love were the inmates of my fanciful abode.

Yet judgment maintained its power amid the fascinations of fancy, and never failed to discover the stamp of vanity and imperfection on her most glowing exhibitions. I could never find a perfect character; and consequently found none that could be perfectly loved; or what was worthy of entire confidence.

It was not, however, until after much chagrin and disappointment that I could resign my ideal of perfection; and be content to cherish isolated virtues and occasional displays of goodness.

At length I gave up my fruitless chase after fancied good in human guise, and sought in the scenes of nature the charms of beauty and innocence; and exchanged the poet,

"Oh nature! thy every charm supreme,
Thy varieties feast on raptures ever new!"

With what delight I turned away from the groveling cares and unprofitable trifles that engross so much of life's little span, and ranged over nature's liberal expanse! I traced the sequestered rill, as it meandered through flowery meads, soothed by its lulling murmurs; or wandered where the immense cataclysm descended the mountain precipice. I mingled my voice in the deafening roar of its waters and felt a transient identity with the majestic object before me. I loved also to mark the line of beauty, in its graceful curvature along the horizon, when the declining sun surrounded, with a halo of golden beams, the far off mountain. The variegated hues of woodland, vale and mead, as they blended together in a kind of hazy incense, caused a sweet serenity, a care-oblivious feeling akin to that enjoyed in the elysium of the poets, amid soul entrancing harmony and the high communings of the blest. But clouds and darkness soon often enshrouded the loveliest landscape; the flowers faded, and the notes of harmony languished into silence.

I then sought for satisfaction among the trophies of genius and the brilliant productions of mind. Intellectual pleasures I now prized beyond all others. In imagination, I was present in the circles of the literati of the last century; and enjoyed their "feasts of reason." I cultivated a taste for *belles lettres*; and often prided myself in being able to detect errors in great minds. I gave myself up to literature; and, in my enthusiasm for this high species of enjoyment, I reiterated the sentiment:

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain, in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime; here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces."

But reflection and judgment always followed in train of my idols; and I said, after surveying the proud monument of genius, Where are their authors? Are not their ears now closed to the sound of adulation their eyes to the contemplation of their own productions? The history, alas! of too many of them exhibited, I saw, a sad discrepancy between their genius and their lives; deep shades rest on their memory; and in this view envy gave place to pity, and enthusiasm to melancholy.

I now felt that I had exhausted every rational source of happiness. A reaction took place in my mind: producing a stoic state of feeling, a settled indifference to good and ill. For a time,

I had no definite object of pursuit, or of interest, and the night fall of gloom came down on every prospect that presented itself to my mind. I thought that

"Whatever we meditate
We do but now: we're steer'd by fate."

I at length, however, entered on a new scene. I came in contact with those who were governed by principles and motives, the full power of which I had never understood.

I had lived all my days among moral people; many of whom were considered strictly pious: But religion now appeared to me in a new aspect in the scene to which I was introduced. I participated in the devotions of her sincere followers; and, no longer anxious to be gratified by mere eloquence, the zeal and pathos with which sublime and interesting truth was exhibited by her ministers, penetrated my heart; and for the first time in my life I found her power to be irresistible. I felt a tenderness of spirit which was luxury surpassing my highest experience of intellectual pleasures. I became convinced of the existence of a source of satisfaction, of which I had been hitherto ignorant.

It is true I had heard of the happiness of religion; but I had not believed it sufficient, without the aid of many favorable circumstances.

I now felt new obligations of duty and new powers and affections. The highest aspiration of my soul had fallen far, far below the design of its being; and I felt utterly condemned and without excuse for my neglect of God. I had been expecting from his creatures, that happiness which can never be found in ought but in his favor. I mourned with heartfelt penitence my long estrangement from the best of Beings; and the sense of my ingratitude might have overwhelmed me, had not the thought of his mercy and forbearance, and long suffering permitted me to hope that I was forgiven.

I now determined to follow the light of divine truth which had burst on my benighted soul: by which I could not only see the path of duty plain before me, but also that by which I had been led to a happy result.

In this eventful short career of mine,
I mark the leadings of a hand Divine:
Trace back the path by which thus far I've trod,
Which leads from earth and sin, to heaven and God.
Christian Gazette. Mosca.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.
THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the Journal of Belles Lettres.

LETTER IV.

St Lucia, March 2, 1834.

We left the hospitable island of Barbadoes on the evening of the 1st of March, in the mail boat of sixty tons, with a facetious Captain and a comfortable cabin. Night soon came on, and I retired to my berth a little sea sick.

Going on deck early in the morning, we saw St Lucia within a mile of us. Nothing can exceed the rude outline of this island, with its conical mountains covered with forests, its abrupt mural precipices in the direction of the sea, and the almost total absence of cultivated fields or human habitations. A striking feature in this scene is Pigeon Island, consisting of two sugar loaf rocks, on one of which is a fortification.

On rounding a point of land we entered a small bay, and approached the town of Castries. The situation of this place is romantic and imposing in the extreme; for the little platform of ground that gives site to it is flanked in all directions, except towards the sea, by precipitous, wooded mountains. But, alas! for the town itself, it looks as if a curse had befallen it. A few streets are laid out in the French manner, and well paved, but they are overgrown with grass and weeds, and overshadowed by the surrounding hills. The houses are mean and dilapidated; the whites are few, the blacks numerous, and all look sulky and dissatisfied. Few islands in the West Indies are more sickly than this; alternate mountains and marshes, rank vegetation, sterility and pestilence may be said to be the characteristics of St Lucia. To the right, on entering the harbor, and on a mountainous declivity, is the burying ground, where repose the ashes of hundreds of men who have sacrificed their lives in this Golgotha, for the love of gain. Among others, the governor is just dead; and, in truth, the honor of administering the affairs of this island differs but little from a death warrant.

Although St Lucia is twice as large as Barbadoes, a very small portion of it is under cultivation; and parts which were formerly tilled have of late been abandoned. This island may have been prosperous under the French government, but John Bull, according to his custom, after taking the town put a garrison in the forts, and left the rest to chance.

I here saw many bread fruit trees. They grow luxuriantly on the parade ground, and appear to flourish in perfection. I had seen a few in Barbadoes, and I believe they are now introduced into all the British islands. This tree, it may be mentioned, is not a native of the West Indies, but was first brought here from the Sandwich Islands about fifty years ago, by direction of the British government.

Part of a day at St Lucia fully satisfied the

curiosity of our party. We saw nothing like a house of entertainment; fruit was scarce, and the beef the captain bought proved to be so inflexibly tough, that I believe it was eventually consigned to the fishes.

We reembarked with gladness, and the sails were spread for Martinique.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

BY MISS C. BARNES.

It is a question frequently asked, and as frequently receiving unsatisfactory answers: which is preferable, Genius without Industry, or Industry without Genius? The greater part of mankind prefer the former. They say Industry is a poor, abject worm, who creeps upon the earth; to whom each blade of grass, appears a forest; each pebble, a mountain; each drop of dew, a mighty lake; who, in the simplest things, discovers wonders; whose comprehension is as bounded as his territory, as groveling as his station. Genius, on the contrary, soars above earth, spurns the base ideas of his companions, and aspires to hold communion with heaven. Let us examine whether this opinion be correct or not.

Genius, it is true, does raise man above his fellows; it enables him to discern charms and perfections where others see none, it gives him a lively sensibility to the beauties of art and nature, to the noblest feelings of the heart; but, still, that sensibility when not met and sustained by cordiality, renders him miserable and painfully alive to grief. The delight experienced by men of genius, when contemplating the wonders of nature, or when poring over the works of "kindred" souls, is one of the purest and greatest that can be felt. The man of industry can seldom experience this delight; he can never leave the beaten track of common minds; but, sometimes, though his talents be not great, he may dispute the preeminence with Genius itself.

It is a common complaint made against the world, that it is seldom capable of appreciating Genius, and that it invariably neglects it. It is said, men of the noblest genius have perished in want; have written their finest productions in the midst of penury. This cannot be disputed; but if, from circumstances peculiarly unfortunate and from the real neglect of patrons and of the world, men of genius have died in misery, this surely does not argue that all those who possess genius should make no endeavors to gain distinction, but should wait until mankind seek for and discover them. This complaint has often for its foundation the want of industry and perseverance in the complainant.

To be convinced of this, let us enter the abode of the man of genius, without industry. We find him passing his precious hours in idleness, or wasting his talents on frivolous and unworthy subjects; if we examine the literary labors that occupy his time, we see numerous works begun, none finished; we see productions that would have immortalized his name, entirely destroyed in a fit of misanthropy, or defaced by some trivial sallies of wit, which at the moment struck his fancy: advantageous offers made him from every quarter, and rejected with cold disdain; and we hear him loudly exclaim against the blindness and ignorance of the world, that thus depress and abandon genius. In the man of industry, we find the reverse. He knows that on his talents he never can depend for subsistence, that it is only by labor and perseverance that he can ever acquire wealth and esteem. This consciousness makes him redouble his efforts, and frequently he succeeds.

Genius, without industry, is perverted or destroyed; Genius and industry ensure to their possessor the greatest advantages. The literary seek him on account of his talents; the worldly, because "he shows himself not destitute of common sense, although he is a moon struck poet;" the prudent because he is careful and persevering; and those who are both literary and prudent, for the combination of blessings he possesses. On the one side, we find lofty conceptions; on the other unremitting execution. When Genius despairs, Industry encourages and excites him to emulation; when Industry, for want of employment, languishes, Genius gives him a train of ideas, on which to employ his indefatigable powers.

As Genius without Industry can never become useful or esteemed; and as Industry without Genius seldom can obtain renown; so, by the union of these two qualities, the most beneficial results are produced; and he in whom they are both united, can never fail of success.—*Mirror*.

The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning surpass all others: for if the pleasures of the affections exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining a desire or a victory exceeds a song or a treat; shall not the pleasures of the understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? In all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after use, their verdure fades; which shows they are but deceits and fallacies, and that it was the novelty which pleased, not the quality: hence voluptuous men frequently turn friars, and ambitious princes melancholics. But of knowledge there is no satiety; here gratification and appetite are perpetually interchanging; and consequently this is good in itself, simply, without fallacy or accident.

Advertisements.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. Silver and Plated Ware.—The subscriber has this day received a very rich and extensive assortment of the above goods, which he offers at wholesale or retail, on the most favorable terms. Particular attention paid to repairs.
R. M. LONG.
May 7, 1834.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Buffalo, that he has established himself as a House Carpenter, in Main st. eleven doors below the Mansion House, where all orders in that line will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.
E. HOLLINSHEAD.
May 14, 1834.

DOCTOR T. P. WHIPPLE,
At Foster's Hotel,
BLACK ROCK, N. Y.

PIDDINGTON & HUMPHRY, Merchant Tailors, No. 8 Ellicott square, gratefully acknowledge the liberal support they have received from their friends and the public, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Orders executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
Buffalo, March 12

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.—These publications consist of Scripture Biography, Sacred Geography, Lives of Martyrs, Juvenile Biography, Sacred History, Missionary Biography, Lives of Pious Men, Hints for Teachers, Books, Cards, &c., for infant Schools, and Picture Books for small children, ornamented with numerous wood cuts and engravings. Published by the American S. S. Union, and for sale by J. C. MEEKS, No. 6, Kremlin Buildings, Buffalo.

CUTLER'S CABINET & CHAIR WAREHOUSE. No. 8 Ellicott square, Main st.—The above rooms are now filled with an assortment of furniture not surpassed in any place as to durability and fashion. The following can be furnished at all times:—French, Ottoman and Grecian Sofas; Couches; Chaises, Lounges, pier, loo, centre, card, dressing, dining, tea, work, drawing, writing and sideboard Tables; dressing and drawing room Commodes; dressing Bureaus and Glasses; library, book and paper Cases; Music Stands and Stools; Foot Stools; basin and washhand Stands; French, high, mahogany and black walnut French Chairs; Boston Rocking Chairs, splendid article; fancy and Windsor Chairs of every description; Settees, and Settee Cradles; Writing Stools; cane Chair Seats, of every description; mahogany Plank, Boards and Veneers; black walnut Veneers; cherry and walnut Boards; Copal Varnish; Hatters' Blocks, for finishing and coloring. Turning done to order on short notice. Bed posts and table legs on hand at all times. A liberal discount made to those who purchase chairs to sell again.
A. CUTLER.
Buffalo, March 12.

BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY. No. 214 Main st.—Oliver G. Steele is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond any thing ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all types and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at Steele's Bookstore, where they can be furnished on better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city.
Jan 8

A. W. WILGUS. No. 204 Main street, has just received Clark's Commentary, in 2 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tyng, D. D. Scenes of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter; the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. R. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips, of Maberly Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bidell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books.

Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.
JUST RECEIVED at the Buffalo Book Store, 204 Main street; Albums, an elegant article; Parchment; fine Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatise; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Man, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell.
A. W. WILGUS.
Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

BUFFALO BOOK STORE. No. 204 Main street, Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834. A. W. Wilgus has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge; A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harper's Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall. Walden; by Leitch Ritchie. The Down Easter, &c. &c. in 2 vols. by J. Neal. Richelieu, a tale of France, in 2 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 2 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 2d Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutches of Berri, in La Vendee, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Gen. Dermoconcourt. Kinwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Painting business, under the firm of Wilgus & Burton, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The unsettled affairs of the late firm will be closed by D. Burton, and the business of Painting, Glazing, &c. in all its various branches, will be continued by N. Wilgus, at the old stand, No. 213 Main street.
NATHANIEL WILGUS.
DARIUS BURTON.
Buffalo, April 1, 1834.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING neatly and expeditiously executed, by William Verrinder, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of his friends and the public is respectfully solicited.